TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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In Search of Summer---No. 5.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 2, '91.

After I left San Luis Potosi I learned a new wrinkle in Pullman traveling. The sleeping car rates are higher than in the north and the comforts not excessive, so pairs of the sharper tourists take one berth during the day, thus being able to have a seat each and then engage a second berth for the night only. This reduces the cost without reducing the comfort, so I tried it and dreamed of bull fights and the landlord who had tried to charge us full price for every calendar day, any part of which we had been in his house. All night long the poor little roan pony, gored and bleeding after his encounter with the bull, cantered through my sleep and I had a wretched time of it. In the morning we were nearly ten thousand feet above the sea, the air was cold and clouds were flying about us with a familiarity which bred contempt and a very bad cold. This altitude and that of the city of Mexico are good neither for those with pulmonary nor heart complaints, and even my old chum Senor Sciatica was not in a good humor. But the scenery! I'm not trying to make you sorry you did not see it, but you have not completed your majority if either it or something as grand has not burst upon your view when waking from sleep and hating the world generally and your discomforts especially! It is then one realizes what a small part of the universe one is, how unimportant are our aches and pains, how low the valleys seem to those who are high enough up to look down and see, how noble are the mountains up which it is so hard to climb, how glorious the sunrise to those whose view is unobstructed by vanities and the mean little things which crowd the vision of low eyes—eyes which are never raised in adoration to God or Nature. The valley of Los Dos Rios, or Two Rivers, is revealed to the traveler on the National Railway as he emerges from the cloudy peaks and it lies before him, a vista of rich farms in which, seed time and harvest, sunshine and shadow are mingled in a hundred shades of green. A thousand feet beneath us, a score of miles away, are sweet pictures of contented poverty entwining itself about prosperous ambition on a soil which needs but to be touched to yield with Oriental magnificence, seemingly careless as to what division shall be made of its bounty between those who toil and those who own. Picture after picture, framed by mountains and gemmed by rivers and cascades, follow the watchful eye until weary of beauty and grandeur one turns for relief to the porter of the car and sees something more self-important than anything God has permitted to become a part of the scenery of Mexico. The engineering wonders, the curved bridges which carry the train over gorges, founded on shadows and musical with falling waters, after a while cease to bring crowds to the platforms and people to the windows—we are in the plain which skirts the ancient lake and city of Mexico. The gentleman with a big ring of jingling checks becomes solicitous concerning our baggage, offers to transfer it and us "to any part of the city," and we would have been unaware that we were not approaching the Union Station at home were it not for the efforts of the self-appointed guide who calls our attention to the fact that we are passing under the old aqueduct—"Water runs in it, you know,"—which on a long line of arches ever diminishing to the view, crosses the plain from Chapultepec to the city. Chapultepec—once the Palace of the Montezumas—now a fortress on a towering cliff, is the military school of Mexico and is a first impression; the crowd of hacks—no worse than our own brigade of Union Station plugs and prowlers—the "bus to all parts of the city" were the next. The fare is fifty cents, the road rough, the conductor a good talker and by the time we reached the hotel we had been loaded up with dust and Aztec history together with several valuable "hunks" of more recent records and advice as to how to see everything without wasting anything but muscle. We turned shortly after leaving the station into the Paseo—a wide and shady drive some two and a half miles long, the Rotten Row of Mexico, where the swells take their airing together with those who are not so *bon ton* either in the quantity or quality of their garments. As we rode along this great avenue, a number of statues, around which the drive circled, came into view and I give you a sample one, that of an influential Indian King whose bad luck began when Cortez arrived here some three hundred years ago. There is a picture of Montezuma and this same gentleman, if I remember rightly, in the National gallery, illustrative of a rather unpleasant incident. The treasures of the native emperors were not being produced as promptly and extensively as Mr. Cortez and his soldiers desired and both the leading potentates were tied to rock tables and fires put beneath their feet. This courtesy was not intended merely to keep them from catching cold, but to improve their circulation generally—of the coin and valuables of the realm. Montezuma—so a commercial traveler told me—after his feet became uncomfortably warm was inclined to talk, but Cuitlahuac maintained his dignity and cash without a groan. Montezuma—I quote from the same authority—looked over at his chum as much as to ask "What shall I do?" The chief remarked, and his saying is prevalent to this day in Mexico and elsewhere, "I'm on no bed of roses myself" or, "keep still, you are having just as much of a picnic as I am." My historian was not sure which would be the most literal translation so I give them both. In history you will find this story given in greater detail and I advise you to hunt it up as it is good reading and may give you facts which in my haste I may overlook or fasten on to the wrong man. I am not writing history but simply relating what people tell me. I have already discovered that those whom one meets down here, in the endeavor to be entertaining, say a good many things which will stand revision.

IN THE PASEO, CITY OF MEXICO.

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In the Paseo is an immense equestrian statue of Carlos the Fourth. It is of bronze. The conductor says it is the largest in the world, that there is much gold and silver mixed in with it and that it was erected by a Mexican gentleman, who afterwards went crazy. So many people have lost their health down here trying to work the machine. Just when or how Charles the Fourth got mixed up in Mexican politics seems unimportant, but I have worked hard trying to find out why the Mexican gentleman went into the statuary business, and if it had anything to do with his subsequent retirement from sanity. On this point, unfortunately, history is silent, even the conductor and the commercial traveler are uninformed.

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Columbus in the very act of discovering America on a big ball of some sort, also looms up majestically in the Paseo. His attitude, unfortunately, gives the whole thing away as it shows his ignorance of the game. If he stood that way holding a ball on our grounds even Senor Miguel McConnell would call him in and pay him off. Guatimotzin is further along, and Juarez and others are to be placed in the vacant circles or *glorietas* as soon as they are ready. After leaving the Paseo, the historical part fell off and we directed our efforts to obtaining somewhere to rest. At the Hotel Jardin—or Garden—Mrs. Don and I obtained apartments suitable to our rank at four dollars per day. This may look big, it struck us that way, but they were great; they would occupy nearly half a block and were filled with beds and bent wood furniture. The outer room was for receiving foreign legations and that sort of people, and we found it very handy as an audience chamber when our washerwoman called and asked for a settlement. It contained a desk well stocked with paper and envelopes, ink and pens—everything indeed but postage stamps—they come high in this country, and the backwardness of civilization is suggested by the entire inability of one to borrow such things or have them charged in one's bill. The inside room had an onyx table and all sorts of fancy articles, including a great big tin pail, which was as pretty as a soap kettle—I presume it was the bath. One gets this odd kind of a mixture in Mexico, but I can assure you that I never saw a pleasanter room. The Mexican bed lacks springs, but it has no foolishness about it, and when one sinks into its downy depths nothing harder or more uncertain than a plank keeps the occupant from going clear through. Yankee tourists kick about these beds but they are comfortable after one sleeps on them a few nights and abandons the idea of the mushy softness which is so notoriously debilitating. In hot countries they never think such mellowness a comfort and this, if no other reason, prevents their adoption. Tourists who come down here to teach Mexicans how to live make an error. In the first place they become offensive by demanding unusual things, by lecturing hotel proprietors on what is necessary, and in the general sense by knowing more than those who have had a chance to study the necessities and peculiarities of the country. However, Mexican hotels shall some day have a sketch devoted to them entirely. At the restaurant, which is in a pavilion in the garden, we get meals at $1.25 per day for each of us, so the cost of staying at the best place in the city is not excessive—less than $3.50 a day with rooms which in Toronto would alone cost that amount, and you must remember that Mexico City is nearly twice as large, and the property of Hotel Jardin is worth half a million dollars. By the way, this was once a convent, and the bar-room occupies the apartment once used as a chapel. It is magnificently—though at present somewhat inappropriately—decorated, as the counter over which drinks are passed is on the spot formerly occupied by the altar. When Juarez confiscated the churches and church property, this building, with its walls from three to six feet thick, went with many others into new hands.

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Immediately after getting here I went to the postoffice hoping to get some letters. This branch of the Mexican service makes me tired. They do not have a Postmaster-General, but they need one. The Department of the Interior, or Inferior, runs it, and it is calculated, more than anything else, to make the Yankee, or Canadian, or Englishman sorry he came. They have boxes, but no general delivery. A letter addressed to a stranger with no address except "Mexico City," is put somewhere—the good Lord only knows where. There is a list hung on the wall, supposed to contain the name of every person who has an undelivered letter addressed to him. In small places he must ask for it by the number attached, in larger places by the date and name. It is a farce. The clerks try to do their best, no doubt, but letters get buried and lists are taken down, and the people addressed go dead crazy or away before their eye ever catches the name on the wall. Some day Mexico will drop this scheme and her heavy postage rate; they are both more fitted to Montezuma's administration than to modern ideas. In my case, I have had no mail for nearly a month, an armful of newspapers coming in to-night with but one letter—the second I have received since the first of the year. I have sent my letters by special messenger to the border, and yet I have had no knowledge of their having been received, except in one instance, when some of the spelling in the proof made me blush—doubtless the fault of my villainous handwriting. In my pleasant life in this pleasant land is a great gap, and that is the absence of news from home; it makes me appreciate the excellent service we have in Canada.

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I went to the National Library the other day. It occupies what was once one of the largest and handsomest churches in the city, and the edifice is finely arranged. There are 160,000 volumes, in every language, though it was only established six or eight years ago. It must be admitted that the cataloguing is badly done, but the Library itself is of unusual value as well as great size. Students of every sort throng the reading-room, and volumes as old as some of these hills adorn the walls.

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The Q. C. and I went to the Museum and were again astonished at the efforts the government have made to provide material and references for students. Not even the flitting tourists, than whom as a rule there is no more superficial and frivolous an observer, can pass through the antiquities department without feeling that they are on ground hallowed by age, and a greater variety of gods than they know what to do with. In one place is the Calendar Stone, variously estimated at from forty to sixty tons. It is said to mark the days, months and years as exactly our own chronologers have succeeded in fixing it, and has the proud advantage of being first in the field. This may be true; I can't swear to it not having solved the scheme, but I must admit that the great circular rock looks as if the hieroglyphics may mean anything or everything. When it comes to a thing of this sort I modestly refuse to set myself up as an authority. This enormous rock was carried on mule back over the causeways leading on to the island on which Mexico City was once situated—so they say—and how it was done is quite as clear to me as the writing on the stone itself. It fell through one of the bridges and got wet, but the Aztecs or Toltecs or whoever was running the job, got it up with an engineering skill which beats our old man Sprcatt by a large majority. The Sacrificial Stone is quite as large and has a place in its center for catching the blood of the human victims, which was once shed in thousands of gallons on its rough face. Down its side is a channel for it to pass and a stone tub stands near by into which it poured. All this is cheerful scenery for a tourist like myself who has more blood than he knows what to do with, but it worries those with a bad cough, and makes them look faint. The Q. C. raves over these relics and talks whole pages of books re their origin and history, but I sha'n't quote—read the books yourselves.

CHAC-MOL, THE GOD OF FIRE.

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Chac-Mol, the god of fire, is sitting in a very uncomfortable position; it made my back ache to watch him, but he has borne it for centuries without saying a word. The water god looks Egyptian—everything does, even to the long nosed idols, whose special business isn't set forth by the signs painted under them. I give some patent pictures of the two leading and rocky divines—I could get none of my own as they won't let you take a camera inside the shop. It doesn't matter, old age fails to show on the somewhat stony faces of those who were once worshipped, and a few years makes scarcely a change in their expression.

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The National Gallery is interesting and contains many excellent specimens of Mexican art. The older school runs much into religious subjects, but the historical work is as good, if not better, than ours, the wonderful changes the country and people have undergone of course furnishing unsurpassed material. The art classes are numerous and in this, as in every other direction, Mexico is striving hard to obtain a better place in the world.

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We went out to Chapultepec and visited the alleged old palace of the Montezumas. The fortress is famous as the place where a couple of hundred cadets were slaughtered by the invading forces of the United States. The Americans claim not to have been aware that they were killing boys, but it remains one of the most disgraceful episodes in their history. The fortress stands on a high cliff slightly suggestive of Gibraltar, and is approached by a winding road easy of defence, though, of course, modern artillery could shell the place off the face of the earth. Two hundred and fifty cadets were on parade and as soon as they were dismissed a couple of gentlemanly young fellows, who spoke English fairly well, offered to take us through their quarters. A portion of the building is occupied by President Diaz as his summer residence. Not having obtained a permit we did not have a chance to appraise his furniture or criticize his linen. The Montezuma part of the outfit is little more than a lumber room and is really but a fragment of an old palace built years ago upon the site of the "Halls of the Montezumas." The view from the castle is magnificent, and from what I could learn from the cadets the curriculum is everything that is to be desired. Seven years is the course of study, and of this three must be spent in an effort to learn English. On the two occasions when we dropped into Mexican colleges, politeness and a desire to give us every attention were spontaneous. I wondered if uninvited strangers gawking about our own institutions would have received such a cordial welcome and so much well-mannered attention. An American gentleman who was with us volunteered the admission that in the United States we would have been unmercifully guyed. Gentlemen in every country treat people well, but boys are not everywhere as thoroughly schooled in the art of being unaffectedly polite as they are in Mexico. After leaving the castle we drove through the cypress groves which surround it. Though all of the trees have been planted in straight lines some of them are very large. Montezuma's tree is nearly sixty feet in circumference at the base. A Zoological Garden has been started in this magnificent park, but as yet does not amount to very much.

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The stores of Mexico City are some of them worth visiting, the assortment of very fine goods of beautiful colorings being almost a revelation to Northern eyes. The theaters are good, Orrin's circus extra fine, and all the places of orthodox amusement up to the average. The churches are, of course, magnificent, particularly the cathedral, the immense size and gorgeous decoration of which excite the wonder of beholders. In it and its neighborhood remains of pagan temples have been worked up, with the ugly faces of strange gods yet distinct after vigorous efforts at defacement. The cathedral inside is more like a collection of churches than a single edifice, but the main altar is emblazoned with gold and carving until the eye is made to ache in looking at it. The center dome is grand, but gaudy, and nowhere, not even in the paintings, does fine art seem to have a place. Two grand organs fill the building with sweet sounds, and when service is in progress the kneeling multitude prove that the church in Mexico has not yet lost all her devout worshippers.

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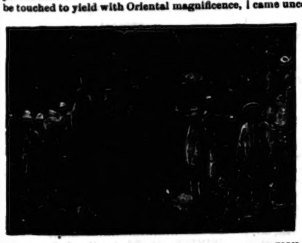
The streets, solidly though somewhat roughly paved, are in a better shape than those of Toronto. Asphalt and wooden blocks are being put down in some places but stone is the chief material used. Seven to eight dollars a yard is paid for asphalting in this country and the work can be more cheaply done than with us. There are fortunes being made by those who are introducing such modern ideas, and being made very fast too. The drainage is not good, for Mexico city was founded on a little island in a shallow lake. The original inhabitants of this country were much given to wandering from place to place, but when the king and his priests pulled up stakes for



THE WATER GOD—FROM A PHOTO TAKEN AT EXCAVATION

ON LAKE CUITSEO.

the last trip they determined to settle down for good. A series of pictures in the National Gallery portray their wanderings, and depict them as half naked and generally hard up and hungry. They had gone so far and watched so anxiously for some sign from the gods as to where to survey a new town site, that the people began to kick and intimate that the king and his priests didn't know their business. Of course a sign came just about then, a sign always does when it has to; anything will do when times are hard. An eagle was seen soaring aloft with a snake in its mouth! The agents of the rocky gods raised their hands and declared that a miracle might be expected any minute! Where the "algle" would alight was to be the home of the wanderers for ever! Mr. "Algle" lit on a little speck of land away out in the wet and began his snake lunch, and there the Aztecs began to build a town, causeways leading to it, over which they lugged rock and dirt to build temples and palaces of a grand sort. It was the old story of fanatics toiling to build for the priests and shedding human blood by the barrel to make their religion stick. There Cortez found and robbed them in the name of another church, there that other church kept up the business at the old stand till Hidalgo, Juarez and other patriots took a hand, and there the toiling poor are being worked to death under another name to-day not much better off than when the eagle made the mistake of his life by settling in a pond. Contracts have been let to drain what is left of the old lake, and the cost will be between six and ten million dollars. Mountains must be tunnelled and plains ditched, all because a couple of Aztec priests tried to get themselves out of a hard hole by letting the eagle decide it! On the Mexican dollar to-day you can see the eagle and the snake; it is the national emblem, and a queer one it is, for, as an Irishman remarked to me the other day, "Naythur av the birds is imminently respectable."

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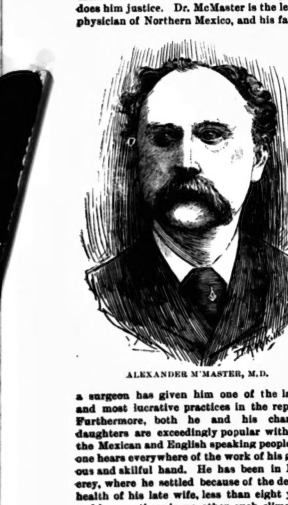
Strangely enough, the visiting physician of the baths at San Luis Potosi, of which I wrote a couple of weeks ago, is Dr. Alex. McMaster, formerly of Toronto. He is a nephew of the late Hon. Wm. McMaster, and, like his relatives, is Irish by birth and Canadian by adoption. I enclose in this letter a photograph I took of him, and the strong resemblance to the other McMasters will be noticed if the engraving does him justice. Dr. McMaster is the leading physician of Northern Mexico, and his fame as



ALEXANDER M'MASTER, M.D.

a surgeon has given him one of the largest and most lucrative practices in the republic. Furthermore, both he and his charming daughters are exceedingly popular with both the Mexican and English speaking people, and one hears everywhere of the work of his generous and skilful hand. He has been in Monterey, where he settled because of the delicate health of his late wife, less than eight years, and he says there is no other such climate in America, and in no other place could he have so prolonged her life, she having only yielded to her ailments a few months ago. DON.

Around Town.

As I write these notes, the business of choosing candidates to contest the various constituencies throughout the Dominion is in full blast. Both parties have entered into the work with the eagerness and spirit of athletes who had been ready and waiting for the word. Notwithstanding the readiness with which the Liberals have sprung to arms, and the sanguine ring of their present tones, there can be little doubt that the 5th of March will not be their day of triumph. This time again they go to the country with a shadow of a policy. When the electors, desiring something solid to lean on, ask to have the details of their Unrestricted Reciprocity scheme laid before them, it has to be confessed that there are no details as yet, and moreover that there can be none until they are placed in a position to confer authoritatively with the United States on this question. That is to say they ask to be returned to power on the strength of a policy that, in case of their being returned, they will endeavor to carry into effect. This is the thin gruel they offer the people who ask them for bread. There is moreover the growing and well-founded distrust that the policy of Unrestricted Reciprocity, if adopted between the United States and Canada, would almost inevitably result in political union. If this suspicion becomes to any extent prevalent throughout the Dominion the Liberal Party will go to the wall at this election with more violence than ever before. There are many reasons for believing that it will become prevalent. The voices of the great American papers utter no uncertain sound on this subject. They are almost unanimous in the opinion that unrestricted commercial union would be but briefly the forerunner of political union. Despite all that has been urged to the contrary, it cannot be denied that there is a growing feeling in the United States in favor of an alliance with Canada. Witness with what avidity American journals seek and disseminate opinions favorable to annexation, whereas on the other hand they, with few exceptions, are silent regarding the opposite side of the question. With every step of commercial advancement made by Canada will increase the desire of our fortune-hunting neighbor to take us more closely to himself. The idea of political union with the States, or anything likely to lead to that end, is undoubtedly repugnant to the great mass of Canadian people. This is not on account of any feelings of hostility generated by a mistaken loyalty or the memory of past feuds. Canadians are blind neither to the greatness nor the goodness of the nation to the South. On the other hand, however, they are not in darkness with regard to the weak points in their government and scheme of society. Canadians have no desire to indulge in the quadrennial spree of the presidential election, to participate in the settlement of the Negro question and many other difficulties which confront, or will confront, the United States. For these reasons the people of Canada will be likely to give short shrift to the Liberal party's uncertain policy.

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It is argued that the policy of the Conservatives regarding reciprocity is equally, if not more, uncertain. That certainly seems to be the case, but while Reciprocity is the whole Liberal platform, it forms but a single plank in the platform of the Conservatives. The Conservatives stand pledged to the old policy, with a possibility of strengthening it by a measure of limited reciprocity. Here, at all events, is something tangible for the electors, something that they have experienced and can understand. Even if the Old Policy has some defects, and if there is little prospect of the United States agreeing to accept Limited Reciprocity, there is always the tendency to

"bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

But those ills we have under the present policy are by no means distressing. It is very doubtful if, on the whole, Canada ever passed through such years of serene prosperity as she has under the National Policy. If the Conservative government is returned to power and Blaine does—as it is asserted he will—to enter into a treaty of Limited Reciprocity, the result will probably be that steps will be taken to establish more favorable trade relations with Great Britain. The effects of the McKinley bill cannot but assist in this direction. Sir George Baden Powell writes in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*: "All importers, whether of food or raw materials, would very willingly see the United Kingdom take some of its North American product—wheat, meat, cattle, farm produce, timber, minerals, etc.—from Canada direct. This would represent an import trade alone of an annual value of fifty millions or more. British goods would be bound to go back in repayment. In every respect the Old Country will heartily welcome all that assists the growth of Canada. Canada can trust not only for defensive purposes to the cordial support of the United Kingdom, but also in every other purpose." This is likely to be a fair presentment of the actual state of affairs in England. Should, therefore, the United States endeavor to coerce Canada into a closer union than is desired by us, it is not improbable that Great Britain would see fit to discriminate in her markets against goods from the United States, favoring thereby her own colonies. The probable result of Sir John's return to power will ultimately be a closer trade relations with our Mother Country.

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One of the most amusing bits of campaign literature which has yet been made public is Mr. E. A. Macdonald's manifesto. If anything were needed to prove that Mr. Macdonald is a "kicker" this address supplied the deficiency. He writes about having the aged ex-premier for an opponent as if he had to meet him with bare fists in a pugilistic encounter instead of combating his political actions with argument. If Mr. Macdonald has nothing else to bring against Mr. Mackenzie's occupancy of the seat than such things as will reflect unkindly on Mr. Mackenzie's age and infirmities, why does he contest the riding? Does the issue of such a manifesto as Mr. E. A. Macdonald's reflect sadly on the conduct of election contests in this country, or does it indicate clearly the character of the man who issued such an address?

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The demonstration of the unemployed workmen on Wednesday has been variously construed. The *Empire* denounces it as an electioneering dodge on the part of the Grits. It is said that there has been but one similar demonstration previously made in Canada. That was in Ottawa during the Mackenzie *regime*. It was then characterized as a Tory fraud. There was probably little reason in either case for supposing such a thing to arise from party contentions. It is a well known fact that the latter part of the winter is always the most difficult part of the year for unskilled labor to tide over. Every year, in every city and in the best of times, complaints of hard times are heard during the months of February and March. Only the other day the council of Montreal considered the granting of an appropriation to provide work for the unemployed of that city. Doubtless similar stories could be obtained from any city or town. It is silly to infer that such indigency as this is the result of the general fiscal policy of the country. It would be the same with any policy in force. It is one of the things that kings and laws cannot cause and cure. VAN.

Social and Personal.

The beginning of Lent has put a most effective quietus on the gaieties which were whirling the social dame and the busy bud to distraction last week. We hear of dinners and musicales in the distance, and there will be no end to afternoon teas and ladies' luncheons, but there are few dances and no balls, so the wearied maidens will have time to rest and will re-enter the social arena with renewed vigor, and dance with doubled enthusiasm through the enjoyable last half of the season.

On Thursday afternoon of last week, Sir David and Lady Macpherson entertained a number of friends at luncheon. Among those present were: Lord and Lady Stanley, Miss Clifton, Hon. Mr. Walsh, General Herbert, Mr. Streatfeild, Sir Alexander and Miss Campbell, Sir Francis Johnson, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. Macpherson, Mrs. Beckitt, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

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Mrs. Blackstock entertained the following guests at dinner on Thursday evening: Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Mrs. Heron, Miss Stuart of Port Hope and Mr. Abbott of Vancouver.

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The conversazione at Trinity College on Thursday of last week was thoroughly enjoyable. The decorative supplies were skilfully handled, and those who took a foremost part in the embellishment of the somewhat dingy corridors were well repaid by the comments which their handiwork called forth. A programme of excellent arrangement was enjoyed by the assembled guests, and at its close the dancing which had been in progress in two of the lecture rooms was extended to Convocation Hall.

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The invited guests were: His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston, Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Sir John and Lady Macdonald, Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright, Chancellor and Mrs. Allan, Major-General Herbert, Chief Justice and Miss Hagarty, Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Col. and Mrs. Alger, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Prof. and Mrs. Ashley, Mr. Mercer Adam, Mr. and Miss Adam, Mr. C. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. and Miss Armstrong, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Bethune, Mr. H. T. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. Beaumont, Mrs. and Miss Bickford, Mr. H. St. A. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. G. Bethune, Rev. G. and Mrs. Baldwin, Rev. A. J. and Mr. Brougall, Justice and Mrs. Burton, Mrs. George Burton, Mr. and Mrs. A. and the Misses Boulton, Mrs. C. and H. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Buchanan, Mrs. D'Arcy and the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Bankes, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. A. Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. C. and the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Messrs. and Misses Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Mr. C. Bogert, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bristol, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mr. W. A. and the Misses Baldwin, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy, Rev. J. and Mrs. Ballard, Rev. R. A. and Mrs. Bilkey, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Burnham, Chancellor and the Misses Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. C. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Beckett, Miss and Messrs. Baldwin, Mrs. H. and Mr. R. Boulton, Rev. J. D., Mrs. and the Misses Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mrs. and the Misses Cumberland, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Campbell, Miss and Mr. E. Campbell, Miss S. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cameron, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Campbell, Messrs. and the Misses Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. John Carter, Mr. and Mrs. F. Cayley, Dr. Cowan, Mr. R. Cowan, Rev. and Mrs. Hoyles Clark, Mr. W. F. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. Cattle, Miss and Mr. C. Catto, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. S. G. Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Mr., Mrs. Miss and Messrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Campbell, Dr. Coverton, Dr. J. S. and Mrs. Covernton, Mrs. and the Misses Cox, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Church, Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cochrane, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gregory Cox of St. Catharines, Mr. W. C. Chisholm, the Misses Dupont, Rev. Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Miss and the Messrs. Du-Moulin, Dr., Mrs. and the Messrs. Davies, Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Col. and Mrs. Fred. Denison, Mrs., Miss and Mr. F. Darling, Lieut.-Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mr., the Misses, and Mr. F. Homer Dixon, Mr. Casimer Dickson, Rev. Mr. Dickenson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mc de la Fosse, Mr. N. Farrer Davidson, Mr. E. A. DuVernet, Mr. and Mrs. Dymond, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Prof. Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. and the Misses Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Drayton, Mr. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Fairclough, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Featherstonhaugh, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Judge, Mrs. and the Misses Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. Ford, Hon. C. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. R. and Miss Freer, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Fuller, Col. Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Capt. and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn, Mr., the Misses and Mr. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Grier, Mrs. Reynard Gamble, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Dr. and Miss Geikie, Miss Grier and young ladies of the Bishop Strachan School, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gordon, Sir Thomas and Lady Galt and Miss Galt, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Seton Gordon, Mrs. and the Misses Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmer Heidenreich, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Maclean Howard, Mr. Allan Maclean Howard, the Misses Howard, Rev. Mr. Scott Howard, Mrs. Stephen Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Howard, Mr. Stephen Heward, Sir William Howland, Mr. O. Howland, Mr. W. H. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruce Harman, Prof. and Mrs. Hutton, Rev. R., Mrs. and Miss C. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. G. Holmestead, Mr. and Mrs. W. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Hebden, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. J. Hodgins, Miss Hodgins, Mr. P. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hoskin, Mr. and Miss Hoskin, Dr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Capt., Mrs. and Miss Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Houston, Mr. C. Hanilton, Mr. J., Mrs. and Miss Hague, Rev. A. Hart, the Misses Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, the Messrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Ince and the Misses Ince, Rev. C. G. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones and Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ford Jones and Miss Jones, Mr. Beverley Jones, Mr. Edward Jones, Miss Winn, Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. Ford Jones, Mr. A. C. Bedford Jones, Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Frank Jones, Mrs. Caroline Price, Mr. and Mrs. S. Jarvis, Mr. K., Mrs. and the Misses Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Keefer, Mr. J. T. Kirland, Mr. H. Kekewich, Mr. and Mrs. Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kirkpatrick, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Kemp, Prof., Mrs. and the Misses Kirkland, Mrs. Kennedy, Messrs. W. and H. H. Langton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. A. Langmuir, Commander and Mrs. Law, Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, the Misses Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Lefroy, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Rev. J. P. Lewis, Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Lightburn, the Misses Lightburn, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. and Miss Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Lockhart, Dr. and Mrs. Lowe, Dr. and Mrs. Machell, Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. W. McMichael, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Mowat, Rev. T. and Mrs. Middleton and the Misses Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, Miss McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Hugon Murray and the Misses Murray, Rev. T. S. and Mrs. Macklem, Hon. O. and Mrs. Mowat and the Misses Mowat, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Sam and Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Moss and the Misses Moss, Mr. McLean and the Misses McLean, the Misses Mason of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt and the Misses Moffatt, Mr. Maitland, Dr. McDonagh, Mrs. Morris and the Misses Morris, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Morgan and the Misses Morgan, Mrs. McGrath, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. George Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Dr. and Mrs. McMicking and the Misses McMicking, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Meredith and the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Meredith and the Misses Meredith, Mr. F. H. Mason, Mrs. McKean, Dr. and Mrs. and the Misses Morson, Dr. and Mrs. Moorhouse, Mr. A. and Mrs. McClean, Mr. V. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Morris, Mr. T. Moberly, Dr. and Mrs. Mockridge, Col., Mrs. and the Misses Milligan, Rev. H. J. and Mrs. Moore, the Misses Marling, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Dr. and Mrs. Nattrass, Col. and Mrs. Newbigging and Miss Newbigging, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Lord Bishop of Niagara, Mrs. and the Misses Hamilton, Mrs. Neville and young ladies of Rolleston House, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brien, Dr. and Mrs. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. H. O'Brien, Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs., and the Misses Orde, Chief Justice and Mrs. Osler, the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. M. and Mrs. B. B. Osler, Col., Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mr. and Mrs. C. Patterson, Prof. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. B. and Miss Pearson, Hon. J., Mrs. and Miss Patton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Patterson, Rev. J., Mrs. and Miss Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Perrain, Rev. Alan Pitman, Rev. T. and Miss Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pepler, Mr. J. Pepler, Mr. G. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, Justice and Mrs. Patterson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. C., Mrs. and the Misses Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Hon. J. B. and Mr. Robinson, Mrs., Mr. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. S. Robertson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. P. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Rolph, Rev. J. C. and Miss Roper, Mr. Walter Reed and the Misses Reed, Dr. H. Robertson, Hon. A. M., Mrs. and the Misses Ross, Hon. G. W., Mrs. and the Misses Ross, Mr. G. Ritchie, Mrs. R. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. D. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh and the Misses Scott, Mrs. Shutt, Mr. B. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith, Rev. L. J. Smith, Mr. C. P. Sparling, Mrs. Staunton, Mr. and Messrs. Strathy, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Symons, the Misses and Messrs. Symons, Mr. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mrs. C. and Miss Temple, Rev. S. F. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait, Dr. and Mrs. Luke Teskey, Mr. and the Misses Kivas Tully, Rev. Canon, Mr. and Miss Tremayne, Rev. H. O. Tremayne, Rev. C., Mrs., Miss and Mr. W. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. and the Misses Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Vickers, Miss Veals and young ladies, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. S. Vankoughnet, Mr. E. R. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wood, Rev. A., Mrs., Miss and Mr. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Walker, Miss May Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Miss Byron, Mr. J. A. Worrell, Mr. D. R. and Miss Wilkie, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Wragge, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. G. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Whitney, Rev. H. J. and Mrs. Winterbourne, Mr. and Mrs. J. Yonge, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yarker.

* * *

On Tuesday evening Mrs. James Crowther entertained friends at a progressive euchre party. Those present were; Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. D. Armour, Miss Seymour, Mr. Beardmore, Miss Montgomery, Mr. A. Jones, Miss Dawson, Mr. Steinson, Mrs. H. Merritt, Miss Castle, Mr. D. MacMahon, Mr. Spratt, Mr. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Greer, Mr. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet.

* * *

Mr. Francis Powers and Mrs. Gerritt Smith, who sang at the musical last night, are the guests of Mrs. Blackstock, who gave a luncheon in their honor during the afternoon. Of these later events detailed accounts will be given next week.

* * *

Sir David and Lady Macpherson entertained guests at dinner on Tuesday night. There were present: Judge and Mrs. Morgan, Sir Francis Johnson, Judge and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Monk, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Allan, Mr. Faber, Mr. and Mrs Campbell, Miss Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Larratt-Smith, the Misses Smith, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith and Miss Meredith.

* * *

Mrs. Heron of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Gordon Brown on St. George street.

* * *

Mrs. Armstrong of the Priory gave afternoon tea to a little company of friends on Tuesday.

* * *

Mr. Macpherson left on Friday for the North-West after a few weeks' visit to his parents at Chesnut Park.

* * *

Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston is a guest at Chesnut Park.

* * *

Sir Francis Johnson of Montreal is a guest at Chesnut Park.

* * *

The Canoe Club Ball on Monday evening was attended with a splendid measure of success, for the arrangements were spoken of as being perfect, embracing all the details of pleasure, comfort and convenience. The decorations of the room were characteristic, for canoe in full sail was one of the most prominent features. Among the many guests present were the following: Mr. Hugh and Miss Neilson, Mr. H. R. Tilley, Miss Kranz of Berlin, Mr. Fred, Mrs., Miss, and Miss M. Jacobi, Mr. A. Shaw, Miss Birdee Dunn, Miss Dunn, Mr. Hugh C. McLean, Miss Amy Phillips, Mr. Henry Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Iredale, Mr. A. Jephcott, Miss Smith, Mr. Cal. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Brown, Mr. A. E. and Miss Sawden, Mr. W. C. and Miss Jephcott, Mr. T.

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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A Necessary Formality.

The Judge—Officer Grady, please arrest Lawyer Case's attention.

Grady—Yes, sor, av you'll please make out th' warrant.—*Spare Moments.*

Boudoir Gossip.

Dimples in the cheek, many hearts to break.
Dimples in the chin, many hearts to win.

So goes the old rhyme, and while we do not form our opinions by its aid, we think and speak of it laughingly when we see the indented cheeks or chin. I have looked at many chins this week, and found that the feature which I thought uninteresting was replete with characteristics. There are three types of chin formation, the receding, the straight and the chin which curves up and out. In connection with this last, one invariably and involuntarily thinks of nut crackers. While the receding chin is accompanied by an indecisive nature—one which may be sweetly unselfish but is yet very irresolute—the straight one denotes a masterful energy, and the inclined one a surplus of penetration and keen insight, which amounts to shrewdness. Each of these formations seen in profile may be yet further divided into round, oval and square. The oval chin is indicative of a lack of originality and strength of purpose, the round muscular chin points to ingenuity, a fair degree of self-assertiveness and strong resolution. The square, strong chin is apt to be the property of the self-reliant, doggedly persevering and self-opinionated.

I was looking at the face of a jolly little man of whom some one in speaking made use of the old familiar expression, "fat as butter." He had a curious face. The eyes were good, the nose showed sympathy and the lips tenderness. I liked his face well until my eyes rested on the jumping off place, and then the receding round chin spoiled all the rest. What a time that man will have. His energies will be well-nigh thwarted by the drawling voice of languorous tendencies. His own opinions will be hastily formed, and his lack of self-reliance will torment him. He will have fair judgment, but no faith in it, and the fat little runaway chin is to blame for it all.

Another chin is that of a grave, reserved man, who is punctilious in little things, who has been fairly ambitious, a good student, and yet lacked the all-conquering pertinacity. His life is a cramped one beside the one which I fancy he etched for himself in his most hopeful moments, when the blessing of youthhood rested upon him.

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A few Saturdays ago I waited in the Union depot for a few moments, and watched a drenched, tired out, cross, crowd of people sort itself into the various railway carriages. The hour between four and five on Saturday is an especially busy one, for not only are there crowds of people, but there are an almost countless multitude of parcels. Baggage is a nuisance, and parcels an abomination. I sometimes think that most people carry their unaccustomed cares written in wrinkles on their face—two trunks, one embarrassed look, and a wrinkle for each bit of hand baggage.

This particular day was doubly disagreeable on account of the rain. Every one was looking for parcels or people, and a constant stream of humanity flowed through the great door into the waiting room. The door shuts with a bang if left—as it was far too often—to itself. Bang, bang, bang! it went. The latch rattled, the banging went on, and the resting occupants of the room looked distressed. By careful observation I found that six women out of every nine banged the door, and that eight men out of nine closed it carefully. Being a woman I rather objected to these figures, but as figures have been declared truthful, I accepted them with a wry face and turned about for a reason to somewhat ameliorate the harsh criticism, which was a natural outcome. In almost every case the women who were careless, started as the door fell against its jamb, and I exonerated them from the charge of being devoid of fine sensibilities. It was evidently only thoughtlessness, and when I considered how seldom a woman does close and open doors for herself, I realized that it was only natural she should sometimes forget that she was alone. Then, too, a noise which makes no impression upon one who is actively employed, wears upon the nerves of those who are trying to rest. I excused all the noisy sixes and boarded my train, satisfied that the women were, in this case, not ungentle, but only unthinking.

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MY DEAR JANE.—Your welcome letter of comment was pleasant to read, and I give it in full below. Your remarks about the country amuse me. I cannot consider so thriving a city as that which appears on your postmark, anything but bustling activity. If you live where I, in my limited knowledge of the geography of that northern peninsula, think you do, you must have the most blessed of country lives with the most luxurious of city comforts and pleasures.

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW,—I have read your comments upon brow, mouth and nose, with a smile which nearly freezes into vindictiveness as I search for a speck of warmth to arrest the progress of rheumatism. Nor that I care for the cold! Oh, no! It is, that the symmetry of hand and foot is destroyed by the unmerciful smiting of Jack Frost, with lashes of wind and storm in this northern clime. Yet there is some consolation in the thought that perchance mentally we may be

"Blown crystal clear
By freedom's northern wind."

If the wrinkles could only be blown away. I grant that many of them may be caused by crossness, but often an equal number represents the sabre strokes of pain, perplexity, care and overwork—many times for others. On my part, vanity is touched. I smooth with vaseline, that deep indentation between my eyebrows, but without success in removing the defect. I resign myself to my fate. Alas! I fear that this life of vicissitudes is not conducive to smoothness of brow, and perfect placidity. I could not criticize noses, though we all admire the Greek form. As you say, a large nasal appendage to the face is supposed to be the symbol of greatness of intellect, yet very inconsistent creatures that we women are, we do not crave it as a possession. Again I consult the mirror and say, "I hope—yes, I hope that my nose is not a very great obstruction to the line of harmony." However, I must beware of reporters, and continue to wear a veil when on the street. I recall that smile that seemed to open to me the gates of heaven. The remembrance quickens the heartbeats now. I know, too, of the smile that indicates contempt, when the corners of the mouth are drawn downwards; the peculiar smile of triumph; of superior knowledge; the mother's fond smile o'er her infant, and the wan smile of the fading face. Overarching all shines the smile of God in the sky, the sun, the stars, the moon, in the trees, birds and flowers. I am sure, my friend, your thought thus joins mine.

The young girl whom you mention as drowning with her violin music the sleeper's snores, and charming the weary travelers, is a reminder of one of Mrs. Livemore's experiences, as told by her in her work on the women's work in the war between the North and South, I can but give a sketch: A blind girl sits in the station among a crowd of impatient waiting people. Many are roughly quarreling. The young brother of the girl carries a violin case. When asked to play he refers to his sister, who kindly plays and sings melody after melody until all dissension is hushed and the semi-brutal crowd spell-bound by the magic of her voice.

If this letter should prove tiresome the cause will be I have been to a neighboring city, two hundred and ninety-one miles away. There, judging us to be from the country, shopkeepers often meet us with smiles of amusement apparently, but we are repaid when we reach home by smiles of welcome. Also when we think of our electric lights, our paved streets, our toboggan slides, and our good sleighing, we know that we have city and country combined, and in order to be appreciated must sound the praises of this winter home and by friction of our wits keep alive the latent heat.

Your country friend,
JANE.

Comica's last letter brought me a vivid picture of the moon-lit Mediterranean as it appeared to two enraptured girls who stole out to watch it one evening at Nice. "The sea," she says, "was one throbbing sulphur-hued plain. I scanned its loveliness and listened to the grand chorus of its frothing waves breaking along the shore. The undulating mountains rising indistinctly to right and left were vague suggestions of misty blue, against which the twinkling lights of the sleeping town shone faintly. The azure curtain of the heavens, with its bright star points, arched the poetic scene, its edges seeming to sweep the lighthouse standing so ghostly on the distant cliff." I try to fancy my Comica on the shore, wrapped in her warm cloak, and when I have urged my imagination to thus bring her to me I echo her wish that I too were there.

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My Maiden in Brown,—Your letter has been found again, and as I read it over I laughed a little at the idea of a "sister confessor." Ah, my friend, you are trying to deceive me, and I am too wary and too old. My experience of school teaching is all gleaned from an hour and a half on the dictatorial platform. When I was released my ideas of government were all new ones, and I am afraid they were rather extreme. I am glad you are so charitable in your religious views. Hard and fast creeds with the inevitable antagonism resulting from their adoption, are not for our day. I am sorry about the difficulty, but think how much better it is that you did tell the exact truth, even if you are doubted. You may perhaps obtain a chance to explain, incidentally, the true state of affairs. It is bitter waiting and I sympathize with you, my little unknown correspondent.

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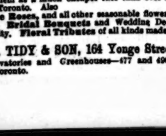
We are familiar with the conventional sleigh ride, through the keen atmosphere of a sunny winter day. To me there is full of gladness, but a swift drive through a gray mist has a dreamy delight all its own. One day last week I watched the swiftly-changed panorama as I was whirled through one of the richest farming communities in Ontario. The sky was steel-gray and the curling, low-hanging mist seemed to drift through the branches of the trees, and twirl about the chimneys of the substantially-built houses. The fences were darkened to iron-gray by the dampness, and the walls of roughly-piled lime-stones like the water which crept up to the top of the snowy fields was gray against the white. All the trees were gray, and woods which climbed high and higher on the distant ridges wore the garb of the day. Gloomy, one might call the view, and yet the shades which leaped into being as one looked attentively were marvellous in their diversity. They were not alike, yet they were bound together by the sun's absence into a peaceful, evanescent tone, which charms and subdues one like the shadowy army that the conquering twilight leads. CLIP CAREW.

For Opera, Theater, or Smoking Concert.

The Tuxedo, or "tailless dress coat" as it is sometimes defined, is the proper dress for such occasions. There has been a deal of nonsense fired off by the uninitiated regarding this innovation which is comparatively recent. The reader may be assured that this garment is not such a very formidable novelty after all. It is, in fact, as old as the hills as a garment. Although it is unfamiliar in this country, it is, in fact, nothing more nor less than the East India tea coat, which has been worn in Calcutta and all the oriental capitals for probably a quarter of a century. It was designed to meet the requirements of an informal dress garment for use in a warm country where such extraneous nuisances as tails or anything that added to the weight or density of a garment were undesirable. To make room for my specially large spring importation which I expect to arrive shortly, am offering special inducements to my patrons and the public generally during the month of February. Remember the fashionable west-end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rosalin House block.



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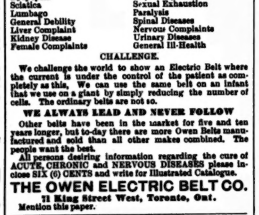

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CHAPTER VII.

A SHADOW ACROSS THE PATH.

The house agents had been more truthful than their kind are wont to be, and the house which Mr. Hillersdon had been invited to inspect more nearly realized their description than houses generally do. Of course it was not all that he wanted; but it possessed capabilities, and it stood in grounds which are becoming daily more difficult to find on the south side of Hyde Park. It was an old house, and somewhat dismal of aspect, the garden being shut in by high walls, and overshadowed by timber; but Gerard was pleased with that air of seclusion which would have repelled many people, and he saw ample scope for improvement in both house and grounds. He closed with the owner of the lease on the following day, and he had Roger Larose at work upon plan and specification without an hour's delay. The house belonged to the period when all decades of important houses were Italian, and Gerard insisted upon the Italian idea being strictly carried out in the improved front and expanded wings.

"Let there be no mixture of styles," he said, "that is anathema maranatha in my mind. Above all, be neither Flemish nor Jacobean—the school has been overdone. Let your portico be light and graceful, yet severe; and give me a spacious loggia upon the first floor, between your new wings, which will consist each of a single room—billiard room on one side and music room on the other."

The delighted Larose assured his client that the Italian school was his passion, and that he, too, was weary of the oriels and bays, the turrets and angles, cupolas and quaintness of the flamboyant Flemish, mis-called Queen Anne. He took his designs to Mr. Hillersdon within twenty four hours after their inspection of the premises, and the new front and wings looked charming upon paper. There was no question of competition, which would involve delay. Gerard begged that the designs might be given to the best builder in London, and carried out with the utmost rapidity compatible with good work.

"I must have everything finished before November," he said.

Roger Larose urged that it was hardly possible that two large rooms, and a new facade, with portico, loggia, and classic pediment, to say nothing of various minor improvements, could be completed in so short a time.

"Nothing is impossible to a man of energy with ample funds at his disposal," answered Gerard. "If your plans cannot be carried out in four months, my dear Larose, they are useless, and I will occupy the house as it now stands."

The commission was too valuable to be lost, and Larose promised to achieve the impossible.

"I don't believe such a thing was ever done before, except for Aladdin," he said.

"Consider me Aladdin, if you like, but do what I want."

The garden was Gerard's own peculiar care. The landscape gardener whom he called in wanted to cut down more than half the trees—limes and chestnuts of more than a century's growth—upon the pretence that they darkened the house, and that a smooth lawn and geometrical flower beds were to be preferred to spreading branches under which no turf could live. Gerard would not sacrifice tree.

"You will lay down fresh turf early in April every year," he said, "and with care we must make it last till the end of the world."

The nurseryman booked the order, and felt that this was a customer worthy his best consideration.

"And you will supply me with palms and orange trees, standard rhododendrons, and other ornamental plants every season. And be your business to see that they do well while the season lasts."

"Exactly, sir, I perfectly understand your views. The lawn is constructed upon concrete, that belt of timber, but we can make a fine show of oranges in tubs, standard rhododendrons, and hardy palms in the shrubbery of the lawn, and you will retain your lime grove, which is, no doubt, an enjoyable feature of the grounds, a remarkable feature in grounds so near London."

For the furnishing of his house Mr. Hillersdon consulted the man who had dictated her dress to Mrs. Champion. The source of a lady's taste and knowledge becomes forgotten after a year or two, and she takes credit to herself for having evolved her surroundings entirely from her inner consciousness. But when he asked about her views as to furniture, Mrs. Champion suggested the employment of Mr. Callander, a gentleman who made it his business to create homes of taste for those who could afford to carry out his ideas.

"One has ideas of one's own, of course," said Edith Champion. "I was full of original ideas for my drawing-rooms and morning-room, but I found it very difficult to get them carried out. Tradespeople are so wedded to Mr. Callander helped me immensely with drawings and suggestions. I should certainly go to him."

Gerard took her advice and went to Mr. Callander, of whom Larose declared that he was the only man in London who had any taste in furniture.

To this gentleman the millionaire explained his desire very briefly.

"My house is to be severely Italian," he said, "and I want you to furnish it as if it were a villa between Florence and Fiesole, and as if I were Leonardo de Medici."

"And is expense to be no more considered than if you were one of the Medici?"

"You can spend as much as you like, but you must not make any display of wealth. I have come unexpectedly into a fortune, and I don't want people to point to me as a *nouveau riche*."

"Your house shall be furnished with a subdued splendor which shall make people think that your surroundings have descended to you from a Florentine ancestor. There shall be nothing to suggest newness, or the display of unacquainted wealth."

"You are evidently an artist, Mr. Callander. Try to realize the artistic ideal in all its purity. But, remember, if you please, there are two rooms on the first floor, on the left of the staircase, which I mean to furnish myself, and for which you need not provide anything."

It was now the third week in July, and London was beginning to put on its deserted aspect. Three weeks ago it had been a work of difficulty to cross from one side of Bond street to the other; but now everybody who was fashionable thoroughfares was as easy and leisurely a matter as a stroll in summery meads. Everybody was leaving town or talking of leaving, and dinners and balls were becoming a memory of the past, except such small dinners as may be given to the chosen few during a period of transition. Goodwood was over, and after Goodwood the season of retreat is sounded.

Gerard dined in a party of four at Hertford street. Mrs. Gresham had returned for a final glimpse of London, after a fortnight's severe duties in her husband's parish. He was vicar of a curious old settlement in Suffolk, a little town which had been a seaport, but from which the sea had long since retired, perhaps disgusted with the dullness of the town.

She was delighted to see Mr. Hillersdon again, and he could but note the increased fervor of her manner since his improved fortunes.

"I hope you have forgiven me for my premature application about the chancel," she said, plumping herself down upon the causeuse where he had seated himself, after talking for a few minutes with his hostess. "It was dreadfully premature, I know; but if you could see our dear, quaint, old church, with its long narrow aisle and lofty roof, I am sure you would be interested. Do you know anything about church architecture in Suffolk?"

"I blush to say it is one of the numerous branches of my education which have been totally neglected."

"What a pity! Our East Anglian churches are so truly interesting. Perhaps you will come down and see us at Sandyholme some day!"

"Is Sandyholme Mr. Gresham's parish?"

"Yes; we have the dearest old vicarage, with only one objection—there are a good many earwigs in summer. But then our earwigs are much more counterbalanced by our roses. We are on a clay soil, don't you know! I do hope you will come some Saturday and spend Sunday with us. You would like Alec's sermon, I know; and for a little Suffolk town our choir is not so very bad. I give up two evenings a week to practice with them. You will think about it, now, Mr. Hillersdon, won't you?"

"Yes, certainly I will think about it," answered Gerard, meaning never to do more.

He had not been thinking very intently upon the lady's discourse while she babbled on, for his thoughts had been engrossed by Mr. Champion, who was standing on the hearthrug, with his back to an arrangement of orchids which filled the fireplace, and for a man of chilly temperament ill-replaced the cheery fire. He was indeed what his wife had called him—a solid block of a man, short, sturdy, with massive shoulders and broad chest, large head and bull neck, sandy-haired, thick-featured, the indications of vulgar lineage in every detail; a man who had made his own career, evidently, and who had sacrificed length of years in the endeavor to push his way ahead of his fellows. Yet he was a kindly, self-indulgent, good-natured man, proud of his success, confident of his own merits, not easily jealous, but, it might be, a terrible man if betrayed. Not a man to shut his eyes to a wife's treachery, once suspected.

Of ill-health the tokens were of the slightest—a livid tinge under the eyes and about the coarsely modelled mouth; a flaccidity of the muscles of the face, and a dulness in the tarnished eye-balls, were all the marks of that slow and subtle change which had been creeping over the doomed victim during the last few years, unnoted by himself or those about him.

The talk at dinner had been chiefly of the approaching departure. Mr. and Mrs. Champion were going to Mont Oriol.

"You'll look us up there, I suppose, Hillersdon," said Champion; "my wife could hardly get on without you; you are almost as necessary to her as her dachshund."

"Yes, I daresay I shall find my way to Mont Oriol. I am by nature irresolute. You and Mrs. Champion have often saved me the trouble of deciding on holiday haunts."

"And now that you are rich I suppose you will be idler than ever," suggested Champion.

"Upon my word, no. My case seemed too hopeless for improvement while I was poor and the stern necessity to earn money benumbed any small capacity I may have had for writing a readable story."

"You wrote one that delighted everybody," interposed Mrs. Gresham, who but dimly remembered the plot of his novel, and was hardly sure of the title.

"But now that I need no longer write for bread my fancy may have a new birth. At any rate, it need not be barren."

Mr. Champion went off to his whist club after dinner. He played whist at the same club every evening during the London season, and was persuaded with difficulty to accompany his wife to some festive gathering. He was a very silent man, and had never been fond of society, though he was a fine fellow and a handsome wife, and to give dinners which very respectable, and even smart people, considered it a privilege to eat. His greatest pleasure was found in the city, his chief relaxation at the whist table.

"Don't be late, James," his wife said to him, kindly, as he was moving something about stupidly, ping round the club, "your doctor makes such a strong point of your getting a long night's rest."

"If my doctor could give me the capacity to sleep, I should set a higher value on his advice," said Champion, "but you need not be afraid, I shall be home at eleven." When he was gone Mrs. Gresham was sent to the piano in the inner drawing-room, and Edith and Gerard were practically tete-a-tete. Cousin Rose was very fond of music, and still fonder of her own playing.

She at once attacked Mendelssohn's Capriccio, and Gerard Hillersdon leaned near to the verandah, and the perfume of the flowers, and the cool, starlit street, and began to talk.

"I have been thinking a great deal about you lately," said Edith, and there was the sound of anxiety in her voice.

"It is very good of you to keep me in your thoughts."

"Good of me! I cannot help myself. If I did not care for you more than I care for any one else in the world, the consequences of our position would make me think about you. I have been full of such curious thoughts; but perhaps that is only because I have been reading Le Peau de Chagrin again, and having almost forgotten the story. It is a horrid story."

"No, no, Edith, a magnificent story, full of profoundest philosophy."

"No, it is only full of gloom. Why is that young man in love with Pauline, because he inherited a fortune? The story is dreadful, like a haunting, horrible dream. I can see that unhappy young man—so gifted, so handsome—sitting face to face with that genius in talisman, which diminishes with his every wish, and marks how his young life is wasting away. I have not been able to get the story out of my mind."

"You are too impressionable, my dear Edith; but I own the story has a gloomy fascination, and I think it illustrates the proverb, that the book which established Honore de Balzac's fame, and it seems to me that the hero is only a highly coloured image of the author, who wasted life and genius as feverishly as Raphael de Valentin—living with the same eager intensity, and dying in the zenith of his power, though by no means in the bloom of his youth."

"Was not Alfred de Musset of the same type?"

"Undoubtedly. The type was common to the epoch. Byron set the example, and it was the fashion for men of genius to court untimely death. Musset, the greatest poet France has ever had, son of the morning, elegant, fastidious, and yet a child to be loved, after a youth of surpassing brilliance, wasted the ripest years of manhood in the wine shops of the Quartier Latin, and was forgotten like a light blown out, long before the end of his wasted life. Our geniuses of to-day know better how to husband their resources. They are as careful of their genius as an elderly spinster of her Sunday gown."

"How much better for them and for posterity," said Mrs. Champion. "Please go on, Rose," as Mrs. Gresham made a show of rising from the piano, "Chopin is always delightful."

"So he is; but I have been playing Rubenstein," replied Rose, severely.

"Then do play that sweet prelude of Chopin's in A flat major."

"Why, I played it ten minutes ago," answered the lady at the piano.

"How sweet of you. You know how I adore it," answered Edith, unabashed, and immediately went on talking.

"I daresay it is only the effect of that horror story," she said, "but I have been feeling absurdly morbid of late, and I can't help tormenting myself about your health."

"A most futile tormentor, since I am perfectly well," Gerard answered irritably.

"No doubt, no doubt; but my husband seemed perfectly well last year, and yet there was all manner of epidemic mischief. I know you are not strong, and since you came into your fortune you have been looking dreadfully ill."

"So my mother told me. Gold has evidently a bad effect upon the complexion, and yet the old physicians considered it a fine tonic, boiled in broth."

"I want you to do me a favor, Gerard."

"Command my devotion in all things, great and small."

"Oh, it is not a great thing. You will come to Mont Oriol, of course."

"Yes. If that is all you were going to ask—"

"It is something more than that. Before you leave London I want you to consult the cleverest physician you can find. The man who knows most about brain, and heart and lungs."

"A wide field for scientific exploration. I suppose you really mean the man who has contrived to make himself the fashion—the man to whom people are flocking to go."

"No, no. I am not the slave of fashion. Go to someone who will understand you—who will be able to advise you how to enjoy your life, without wasting it as Balzac and Musset did."

"Have no fear. I am no Balzac or Musset. I have no Byronic fire consuming me within; and be assured I mean to enjoy my life—for the sake of the years to come—which should be very happy."

He took up the hand lying loose in her lap, the beautiful, carefully cherished hand which the winds of heaven never visited too roughly, and bent down to kiss it, just as the moonlight sonata came to a close.

"Oh, do go on, Rosa. Some more Mendelssohn, please."

With perhaps the faintest touch of malice, Mrs. Gresham attacked the Wedding March, with a crash that made the lamp glasses shiver.

"Do you know of any clever physician?" asked Edith.

"I have never needed a physician since I was eleven years old, and the only famous one I know is the man who saved my life then, Dr. South, the children's doctor. I have half a mind to go to him."

"A child's doctor," said Edith, shrugging her shoulders.

"Children have hearts, and brains, and lungs. I daresay Dr. South knows something about those organs, even in adults."

"You will go to him to-morrow morning, then—and if he is not satisfied he will advise another opinion. I should have preferred the new German doctor, whom everybody is consulting, and who does such wonders with hypnotism Dr. Geistrauber. They say he is a most wonderful man."

"They are an authority not always to be relied upon. I would rather go to Dr. South, who saved my life when I was in knickerbockers."

"Were you so very ill then?" asked Mrs. Champion, tenderly interested even in a crisis of seventeen years ago.

"Yes; I believe I was as bad as a little lad can be, and yet live. When I try to remember my illness it seems only a troubled dream, through which Dr. South's kindly face looms large and distinct. My complaint was inflammation of the lungs, a malady which Dr. South said most children take rather kindly; but in my case there were complications. I was like Mrs. Gummidge, and the disease was worse for me than for other children. I was as near death's door as anyone can go without crossing the threshold; and yet people talked to this day that but for Dr. South I should have entered at that fatal door. It was a pull for a young man of my father's means to bring down the great children's doctor, but the dear old dad never regretted the heavy fee; and here I am to tell the story of what I knew about illness at the time, I was delirious all through the worst of my illness, and I believe there was one stage of my illness during which I associated Dr. South with a gray horse—presumably gray—with a great white elephant of Siam of which I had been reading in Peter Parley's Annual."

"Poor dear little fellow!" sighed Edith Champion, with retrospective affection.

"How sweet of you to pity me! I find myself pitying my own small image in that dim and troubled time, as if it were anybody's child. The complications were dreadful—pleurisy, pneumonia; I believe the local doctor found a new name for my complaint nearly every day, till Dr. South gave his decisive verdict, and then pulled me through by his heroic treatment. I will go to him to-morrow; not because I want medical advice, but because I should like to see my old friend again."

"Go to him; pray go to him," urged Edith, "and tell him everything about yourself."

"My dear Edith, I have no medical confession to make. I am not ill."

Mrs. Gresham had played herself out, for the time being, and came into the front drawing-room as the footman appeared with a *la Francais*—tea that knits up the raveled sleave of care, tired Nature's nurse, for Duchesses as well as shopmaidens.

The talk became general, or became, rather, a lively monologue on the part of Rosa Gresham, who had her own interpretations of Chopin and Charvenka, but loved the sound of her own voice better than any music that ever was composed.

The Champion came in a few minutes after eleven, looking tired and white after an hour and a half at the whist club, and Hillersdon went out as his hostess had foretold, but not home. He walked eastward, and locked in at two late clubs, chiefly impelled by his desire to meet Justin Jermyn, but there was no sign of the Fate reader either at the Magnolia or the Small Hours, and no one whom Hillersdon questioned about him had seen him since Lady Feddiman's party.

"He has gone to some Bad in Bohemia," said Larose; "a Bad with crack jaw name. I believe he invents a name and a Bad every summer, and then goes quietly and lives up the country between Broadstairs and Birchington, and basks all day upon some solitary stretch of sand, or on the edge of some lonely cliff, where the North Sea breezes blow above the rippling ripeness of the wheat, and lies in the sunshine, and plans the fashionable novel for the winter season. No one will see him or hear of him any more till November, and then he will come back and tell us what a marvellous place Rumpelstiltjkinbad is for shattered nerves; and he will describe the scenery, and the hotel, and the hot springs, and the people—ay, about as picturesquely as I could myself," concluded Larose, with his low, unctuous chuckle, which was quite different from Jermyn's elfin laughter, and as much a characteristic of the man himself.

Hillersdon stayed late at the Small Hours, and drank just a little more dry champagne than his mother or Mrs. Champion would have approved, women having narrow notions about the men they love, notions which seem hardly fair to those who are outside of the nursery. He did not drink because he liked the wine, nor even for joviality's sake; but from a desire to get away from himself and from a sense of irritation which had been caused by Mrs. Champion's suggestions of ill health.

"I shall be hypnotized into an invalid if people persist in telling me I am ill," he said to himself, dwelling needlessly upon Edith Champion's anxieties.

The market carts were lumbering into Covent Garden when he went home, and as the natural result of a late night, and an unusual amount of champagne, he slept ill and woke with a headache. He breakfasted upon a devilled biscuit and a cup of green tea, and was in Harley street before eleven o'clock.

Having made no appointment, Mr. Hillersdon had to undergo the purgatory of the waiting room, where an anxious mother was trying to beguile the impatience of a rickety son with picture books, and in her gentle solicitude, offering a curious contrast to a more fashionable dressed mother, whose thoughts seemed to be rather with an absent dressmaker than with her sickly overgrown girl, to whom she spoke occasionally in accents of reproof, or in lachrymose complaint at having to wait so long for Dr. South, while Madame Viola was no doubt waiting for her—"and I can't get to Bentzen's very likely she won't see me," lamented the lady in an undertone. "It's all your fault, Clara, for catching cold. You are so idle about yourself. I daresay you will be ordered off to some horribly expensive place in Switzerland. Doctors have no consideration for one."

The girl's only reply to this maternal wailing was a little hacking cough, which recurred as often as a cuckoo. Her wan face and rather shabby frock contrasted with the mother's artistic bloom and smart morning gown. Hillersdon felt a sense of relief when the man in black looked in at the door, and summoned mother and daughter with a mysterious nod, which seemed pregnant with mournful augury, although it meant nothing but "your turn."

The anxious lady impressed him much more pleasantly that, as time hung heavy, he made friends with the boy, helped to entertain him by presenting the illustrations of a zoological book in a new light for the next quarter of an hour, and then the rickety boy and his mamma were summoned, and more patients came and went, without ever to lose his consciousness of the passing moments in the pages of a stale *Saturday Review*,—moments too distinctly marked by the ticking of a very fine Sherraton clock, which stood sentinel in a niche by the sideboard.

The man in black came for him at last, as it seemed the ferryman ready for a new passenger, and he was ushered into the presence of Dr. South, whom he found in a spacious and lofty room at the back of the house, lighted by a large window, which commanded a small garden, shut in by ivy-covered walls.

The gray head and genial smile brought back a vision of a little bed near a sunny window, and summer breezes blowing over a head that seemed to scorch the pillow where it lay.

He recalled the childish illness and the Devonian rectory to Dr. South, who remembered his journey by the night mail, and his arrival at daybreak in the stillness of a summer Sabbath morning—no laborer going out to the fields, only the song of the lark high up in the infinite blue above the ripening wheat. Dr. South had not forgotten that long summer day, in which, like many another medical Alcides he had fought with death, wrestled with and thrown the grisly shade, and had gone back to his hospital, and his London patients, leaving hope and comfort behind him.

"I know I was very much interested in the case," he said; "your mother was such a sweet woman. She has been spared to you, I hope."

"Yes, thanks, fairly well considering health—a young woman still in mind and habits."

And then he told Dr. South how, being just a little uneasy about his own constitution—though with no consciousness of any evil—he had come to be overhauled by the physician, whose skill he knew by experience.

"Please consider me a little lad again," he said, lightly, "and knock my chest about as you did when I was lying in a troubled dream, making nonsense pictures of all my surroundings."

"We shall not find much amiss, I hope," replied the doctor with his kindly smile. "Take off your coat and waistcoat, if you please."

The auscultation was careful and prolonged. There was no hesitation, no imperfect air with which the physician dismisses a good case. Dr. South seemed bent upon exploring every square inch of that well set-up frame, from shoulders to waist, with bent head and stethoscope at his ears. He concluded his examination with a faint sigh, which might mean only fatigue.

"Do you find anything amiss?" asked the patient, rather anxiously.

"I cannot detect absolute organic mischief, but there is a certain amount of weakness in both heart and lungs. You have had some painful shock very lately, have you not? Your nerves have been greatly shaken."

"I have had a great surprise, but it was pleasant rather than painful."

"I rejoice to hear it, for the fact that a pleasant surprise should have so unhinged you is itself a warning."

"How so?"

"It denotes highly strung nerves and a certain want of stamina. To be frank with you, Mr. Hillersdon, yours is not what we call a good life, but many men of your constitution live to old age. It is a question of husbanding your resources. With care, and a studious avoidance of all excesses, moral or physical, you may live long."

Gerard thought of the Peau de Chagrin. A studious avoidance of excess—in other words, a constant watch upon that red line upon the sheet of white paper which showed the shrinking of the talisman. Little by little, with every hour of agitated existence, with every passion a's heart throb, and every eager wish, the sum total of his days would dwindle.

"I have just come into a large fortune, and am only beginning to live," he said fretfully. "It is hard to be told at this juncture that I have not a good life."

"I cannot prophesy smooth things, Mr. Hillersdon. You come to me for the truth!"

"Yes, yes, I know, and I am grateful to you for your candor; but still it is hard lines, you must allow."

"It would be harder if you were a struggling professional man, and saw your career blighted at the outset. I am very glad to hear of your good fortune. With the resources and expedients of modern science—which are all at the command of wealth—you ought to live to be eighty."

"Yes, but at the price of an unemotional life. I am to vegetate, not to live!"

He slipped the neatly papered guineas into the doctor's hands, and then turning on the threshold he asked nervously:

"Do you forbid me to marry, lest I should become the father of a consumptive progeny?"

"By no means. I find no organic mischief, as I told you. I would strongly advise you to marry. In a happy domestic life you would have the best possible environment for a man of your somewhat fragile physique and highly nervous temperament."

"Thanks; that is encouraging, at any rate. G od day."

After leaving the doctor Hillersdon strolled across Portland Place and into the Portland Road, where he made an exploration of the second-hand furniture shops, in search of certain objects which were to assist in realizing his idea as to those two rooms in his Italian villa which he had taken upon himself to furnish after his own lights.

An hour's peregrination from shop to shop distinctly added to the purchase of one piece of furniture, a black oak cabinet, somewhat of the sixteenth century, possibly a clever piece of patchwork put together last year. It satisfied Gerard Hillersdon because it closely resembled another black oak cabinet which he had seen lately.

He had taken it into his head to reproduce for his own study and private den those two rooms in which he had sat at supper with Justin Jermyn, and where he had seen the vision of Hester Davenport; rooms which perhaps had no tangible existence, dream-rooms, the shadow-pictures of a hypnotic trance. It pleased him to think that he could reproduce in solid oak and brass, in old Venetian glass and quaint Dutch pottery, the scene which night have been made up of shadows, since his failure to discover the house or the inn yard where he had supped with Jermyn had given a tinge of unreality to all his memories of that eventful night.

(To be Continued.)

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A Little Cherub.

Little Boy—Mamma, may I give what's in my savings-bank to that beggar man?

Mamma—You dear, sweet little cherub! Do you want to give away all of that money your uncle gave you? There was over a dollar.

"I spent some of it, mamma."

"Did you? How much is there left?"

"There's a twenty-five cent piece left, but th' candy man said it was bad."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

In Love With a Handsomer Chap.

Will—Well, my girl said 'yes' before I left last night.

Henry—Then why are you so blue!

"Oh, I asked her if she positively refused to marry me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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A Woodland Flower.

"Shall I ask Daisy Stuart, Madge?" asked Mabel Wyndom of her tall and stately sister, as she paused in the act of sealing a dainty perfumed envelope.

"No, Mabel, of course not. How could you dream of such a thing? They are mere nobodies, besides she would be sure to come in that odd white muslin of hers which has no style whatever. As this is Cousin Frank's first visit to us, I wish him to meet only the elite and fashionable half of Clifton—which is bad enough, goodness knows—he will then see that we are quite 'good form' and all that," added Madge, sarcastically.

"But Daisy is such a sweet little thing, and one need only look at her to know she is a lady," pleaded the kinder-hearted Mabel.

"Oh, yes! She is quite a lady and nice enough in her way," admitted Madge, "but she has no style. Frank would be almost certain to find out—supposing by any chance fate throw her in our aristocratic cousin's way—how poor they were, that they kept no servant and that Daisy made her own and her mother's dresses. I imagine the idea he would form of our friends. No! we will ask her up for tea some night when we are alone, instead," said haughty Madge.

"Well," said the younger girl with a sigh, resuming her writing, "it must be as you wish, dear." For she never dreamed of disputing her proud and imperious sister's wishes.

The two girls were the only children of wealthy Squire Wyndom of the Court in Clifton a small Devonshire village. Mrs. Wyndom having died when the girls were quite young, proud willful Madge had reigned as queen over the court and its inmates, father and sister included, since she was a child of ten. She was a darkly beautiful, stately girl of twenty-two now, whom the whole household worshipped, but having one great fault, that of judging everyone according to their wealth and position in the world; and in her opinion the lack of either or both stamped a person as nobody. Mabel, who was two years younger than her sister, was a fair, gentle girl with large, limpid, blue eyes, and completely ruled by her imperious sister in everything. The great event, which had provoked the above discussion, was the arrival of a distant cousin from India—the wealthy baronet, Sir Francis Graham—who, for the first time, was coming to pay his Devonshire cousins a visit, and to honor his arrival, Mabel was writing out invitations for a small dinner party, which was to be the most select in the county, as Madge wished to impress him with their social importance.

The owner of the name, Daisy Stuart, was the only child of a widow lady who had lately come to reside in Clifton, being far from well off, having only the meagre pension of her husband (who had been an officer in one of the regiments stationed in India), which would not allow of her keeping a servant, and, consequently all the work of their tiny cottage, with the exception of the roughest, devolved upon the slender shoulders of sweet Daisy, who was her mother's idol and counsellor. She was a slight girl below the medium height, with a pale, sweet face which looked almost too small for the two beautiful, large violet eyes it possessed; the queenly little head was crowned with a wealth of golden brown hair—that brown shade which glints and sparkles in the sunlight—and which fell in soft little rings over a low white forehead, and was generally gathered in one large loose coil at the back of the dainty little head. No one could call her beautiful, according to the strict code of beauty, yet, there were few persons who were not impressed with a sense of her loveliness while looking at and talking to her, reminding them of that picture of some pure, sweet saint. At the present moment she is standing enveloped in an immense white apron washing the supper dishes, turning her head every few minutes to smile or talk gaily to her mother sitting in the window sewing. Her eyes follow Daisy sadly as she flits about the room, for she sorely disliked to see her darling compelled to do a menial's work.

"Cuddle," she suddenly says, "have you heard who has consented to stay at the court?"

"No, my dearest, how should I know, and why should I interest myself in the court visitors?" asked the girl proudly. Then she added sweetly, "I have you, Marmie, and want no one else."

"Ah! you little flatterer, if you only knew of whom I am talking, you would not say you did not wish to see such an old friend. Do you not remember your father's great friend, Sir Francis Graham?"

As her mother mentioned the name, a careful observer might have seen the hot color that for a moment mantled over the fair, sweet face, even to the white forehead, then ebbed slowly back leaving it very pale; but there was no tremor in the voice which answered Mrs. Stuart.

"What, Sir Francis here, in Clifton? But what difference will it make now?" asked the girl, wistfully. "We will not be very likely to meet him, and supposing we did, it is doubtful if he would remember me, it is so long ago since those dear old days, and I am not now much like the spoilt child he knew them; at least I hope I have improved a little bit, have I not dear?" she added, the last sentence quickly, lest her mother might think she was grieving over their changed fortunes.

"My Daisy, it pains me to think of the difference, yet what would I do without my flower! My Heavenly Father has been good indeed to leave me such a priceless possession."

"Come, mother," called Daisy, brightly, "no more gloomy thoughts; we have just time for our favorite stroll by the river before the sun goes down, and I do really think, out of consideration for you, he might postpone his hour of retiring, that we might enjoy more of this lovely day."

"You ridiculous child," murmured the widow, glancing at her fondly.

It is the following day when Daisy—after the work of the little cottage is finished, and her mother is taking her afternoon nap—steals a few minutes for a quiet walk to the riverside, and upon reaching the green bank she throws her hat off and sits down with a careless grace all her own, leaning her tired head against the trunk of an old tree. What a study for a painter! The sweet, dainty face, the small white hands clasped idly in her lap in such perfect stillness which follows exertion, the beautiful violet eyes which just now seem to hold an abyss of sadness and follow without seeing the faint ripples upon the water the breeze is barely ruffling. "I wonder," she mused, "if he has ever given me a thought since the old days. Perhaps he would not even remember me if we were to meet, yet how truly noble he was and so good to me, but then he must have regarded me as a mere child to be petted and spoiled. I wonder would it make a difference could he know how horribly poor we are and that I washed the dishes and cooked—he was always so fastidious about dress. And then two or three large tears splashed down upon the pretty muslin dress as if to register there her thoughts. "But, of what nonsense I am dreaming! What will Sir Francis Graham ever have to do with Daisy Stuart! It is most probable he will make but a short stay here and never know of my existence." And with a proud, petulant shake of the fair head the velvet eyes close and she almost falls asleep. I say almost, for before she has time to feel more than drowsy she hears the gentle splash, of oars, and lazily opening her eyes, she sees a boat with one occupant within a few yards of the bank where she is reclining. In a moment, before she has even time to sit up, the rower, with one long pull and a bound, is standing in front of her, hat in hand. "Daisy! Miss Stuart! In the name of all that is wonderful, how did you come here? At first I thought you a wood nymph conjured up by my own thoughts," he said with a glance of passionate admiration at the fair blushing face.

"I assure you I am quite real, Sir Francis," said the girl laughing, "and as to how I came here, why I walked. You see I am not surprised to see you because I knew you were staying with your cousins at the court, but I suppose you were rather startled at seeing me here, after our meeting last in India. You know the saying about 'Bad pennies &c.' which is mostly true."

"But," said the young man "if you live here, how comes it that you were not at the dance up at the court last night?"

"Ah! I am one of the gay little butterfly you once knew. I seldom spend an evening out now as dear Marmie would miss me and be so lonely."

"Still, surely the servants could look after her for a few hours and you be spared for an evening's enjoyment now and then."

"Oh! but you do not understand," said Daisy shyly, and then added bravely, "we have met with sad reverses of fortune since the dear old days and are not able to keep any servants now, and dear mother is always poorly and wants me to take care of her. Oh!" she exclaimed jumping up suddenly and not seeing the expression of pain mingled with pity upon the young man's face he had easily read between the lines of her sad little explanation, "I have forgotten the time and all about her being alone this hour or more, while I have been enjoying the lovely sunshine. Good-bye, Sir Francis," she added, holding out a slim cool hand.

"Good-eye!" he echoed. "Do you think after just finding you that I am going to lose sight of you so easily? Besides, I wish to see my dear old friend Mrs. Stuart again for I well remember how kind she was to me in the old days," and so talking lightly they walked quickly towards the little cottage, when Sir Francis asked in surprise:

"Are you going in there?"

"Rather," laughed Daisy, "seeing that it is my home."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, but I thought—that is, I never dreamed—" and then he stopped short in hopeless confusion.

"You mean you had no idea we were so very poor," said Daisy, with her clear sweet voice faltering ever so slightly. "It must seem horrible to you, but I assure you I am quite happy and contented now, and am only troubled lest mother should miss any of her old luxuries," then she danced gaily into the room where her mother was sitting, and kissing her said merrily, "Look, dearest, we are going to have a tea party tonight, for I have brought you a visitor."

"And I trust a welcome one," said the baronet, coming forward to shake hands with Mrs. Stuart, whose smile told him he had nothing to fear on that score. Indeed, she felt quite bright, sitting there and listening to her visitor giving her amusing accounts of his travels as well as news of their old and mutual friends. But all through the conversation his eyes followed unceasingly with deep, tender admiration the dainty white figure flitting in and out of the room preparing tea, only stopping now and again to smile at her while face by the window, or make some saucy criticism upon one of Sir Francis' stories. After tea, which the young man declared consisted of the most delicious strawberries and cream, bread and butter, that he had ever tasted, though, I doubt not, under the same circumstances he would have declared stones delicious, if only he could have managed to digest them—after their simple tea they sat in the twilight and talked, till suddenly the baronet remembered an engagement which he was already late in keeping, and with the promise of seeing them to-morrow he made his hurried adieux.

"What a strange fancy Frank has developed for rowing and spending hours of solitude on the river," exclaimed Madge Wyndom one afternoon as she and Mabel were sitting together over a five o'clock tea, some two or three weeks after their cousin's arrival.

"Has he? I have not noticed it particularly, but thought he was with papa," said gentle Mabel, "for you know he does not care for company and parties, or that kind of thing."

"Still, it is strange," persisted Madge, "he goes out every afternoon, rows down the river and does not return for hours. What is more, he never asks us to accompany him; there must be something in it.

"Yes, Madge, you are perfectly right," cried the deep, manly voice of their cousin, who, entering the room, had overheard Madge's words, "there is a great deal in it—much more than you imagine. Do you not remember," he continued sitting down beside them, "my telling you of a treasure which I lost in India? Well, the day after my arrival here, I found my treasure, and the hours of absence every afternoon, which have puzzled you so, have been devoted to looking after it."

"Why, Cousin Frank, what are you talking of? Is it all some nonsense? For what could you possibly lose in India and find here?" exclaimed both the bewildered girls.

"I shall answer your last question," said Sir Francis gravely, "and then you can answer the others. My treasure is the most precious thing a man can have—the one great blessing of his life—some one to share his joys and sorrows, not a beautiful wax doll—but a true, hearted, sympathetic wife; that, dear cousins, is the treasure I spoke of."

"But, Frank, what can you mean?" asked the still bewildered Madge, "we never dreamed that you were married and had lost your wife."

"Nor am I, fair cousin, but I hope now that the glad day is not far off, and that I may take my wife back to India with me—my sweet Daisy."

"Who? Daisy—Daisy Stuart?" gasped Madge, breathless from so much excitement. "Are you truly going to make that child Lady Graham? and I did not guess that you even knew each other. Why, she is a mere nobody and so quiet!" wound up Madge disdainfully.

"But Madge," interrupted gentle Mabel, "she is such a sweet girl, and a true lady every inch of her. What a lovely little bride she will be." Then turning to her cousin she added, "I sincerely congratulate you, Cousin Frank, and agree with you that your treasure was well worth the seeking and finding."

"Thank you, dear," replied the young man, "for those kindly words spoken in favor of my woodland flower. I trust she will always have as kind a friend as you. Will you not also wish me happiness, Madge?"

"Of course I will," said the girl. "I would have done so sooner only it was such a surprise; and we will both drive over and see little Daisy to-day and tell her how glad we are to know she is to be our cousin."

"That will be very good of you, Madge, and just like your kind thoughtfulness," said the baronet, for he knew that his cousin, when once she put aside all humbug about family and money, was one of the most noble hearted and generous of girls.

'Tis in the gloaming by the river and upon a bank overgrown with soft, green moss, and shadowed by the interlacing boughs of two grand old oaks, two happy lovers are seated; the girl has fallen into a dreamy reverie and gives a great start when her lover suddenly says, "A penny for your thoughts, my little Marguerite."

"Indeed, Frank, they are not worth it. I was simply wondering how it was, when you have seen so many beautiful women, that you should choose me for your wife!" Then turning wistfully to the young man she asked, "Dearest, will you never regret marrying a nobody?"

"Sweetheart," said Sir Francis, tenderly kissing the flower-like face, "you must never say that again; my wife could not be a nobody. My darling, how can I tell you what you are to me?" he added, passionately. "I can only repeat Longfellow's beautiful words:

"'In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter—I am thine.'"

LAUGHING WATER.

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An Artistic Home.

Miss Georgia Cayvan, the leading lady of the Lyceum Theater, has established her home in Harlem, New York City, and the following is a brief account of its interior.

Entering the front door, the glass of which is backed by a curtain of Empire lace, the reception room is reached, to the right of the doorway. The decoration is in pale turquoise blue and silver, and an empire lace curtain shades the window, backed by a drapery of blue Liberty tissue and a lattice of silver cobweb, her own design. A large rug nearly covers the polished floor, and this a characteristic of all the apartments. There is not a carpet in the house, but rugs are to be seen everywhere. A chandelier depends from the ceiling, and on the mantel stands an elegant marble sculpture. The furniture of this room may be called cosmopolitan. There is a divan, made to order in Chicago, an easy chair from the same city, and another from Philadelphia, while other articles were purchased in New York and the window draperies came from London. The general effect of this little reception room is "restful."

Passing from the reception room, the foyer is entered, and this with the hall is decorated in pale buff. To the right of the foyer, and directly opposite the wide polished staircase, is the "smoking room," although it is hardly necessary to state that nobody in the house smokes. It is a small alcove, furnished with lounge or "settle," and shut off by heavy draperies depending from two Japanese spears. In this are hung lanterns and a number of bric-a-brac; the effect is delightful. Angel lamps and lanterns, some of the most unique design, are scattered in different parts of the foyer, and when these are lighted a pretty effect is produced. Beyond the foyer comes the large parlor, decorated in yellow, with a deep frieze of yellow lilies, with large green leaves. Near the entrance is the piano, and back of this the "tea corner." Here there is a couch and a tea table, and in the opposite corner, diagonally, another couch—a "settle," as the New Englanders call it—invites to comfortable ease. The walls are hung with pictures, and the mantel is set off with vases of flowers and bric-a-brac. A curtain of heavy tapestry separates the foyer from the parlor.

The entire second floor is devoted to her personal use, but the front room is the most interesting. "There are scarcely books enough," she says, "to call it a library, and so hardly a study, so I call it the 'Book Room.'" It is decorated in sage green, with a touch of old rose in the frieze. In the southeast corner stands the inevitable settee, and the coziest and most comfortable of them all. Three well filled bookcases line the walls, which are hung with pictures, some of them of theatrical celebrities, George Frederick Cook, Mrs. Siddons, William Warren and Mounet Sully. There are forty scrap books in the room, but few of which are of a personal nature. A table stands in the center of the room, and a writing desk against the south wall, while bric-a-brac is scattered about in charming carelessness. It is a room well adapted to its purpose—to read, to study, to write and to dream in.

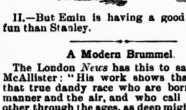
Through a long hallway, flanked by oaken closets, her bedroom is approached. It is large and airy, and decorated in lavender and moss green. A flight of birds over the bed gives an airy effect, and violets and pansies are everywhere on the coverings of the furniture. The dressing table is covered with utensils in silver for the toilet, and in a line with it stands a novel dressing case of her own design, with a tall mirror, so that she can by a turn of the head at the table secure a full length view of herself. A complicated Japanese "make up" cabinet stands on the mantel, and pretty little souvenirs from lady admirers are scattered about in all directions.

Another room, on the next floor, is almost as interesting, though less professional in its appearance. It is decorated with forget-me-not. Pictures and statuettes are thickly strewn about, a writing desk stands on one side, and a gymnasium occupies one corner. Two smaller rooms for the maids are also on this floor, and a large square room for guests, decorated in pink and cerra.

The dining-room is in the basement. It is in light terra cotta, and the walls are lined with pictures. Three small tables display silverware and china, and the walls are filled with little shelves upon which the china rests, giving the effect of a collection of rare pieces of art work. The home of the actress is complete in every sense, and furnishes a perfect field for the exercise of what is, she likes best, the art of housekeeping—*Decorator and Furnisher.*

Emin and Stanley.

I.—Stanly, traveling with his wife and mother-in-law, may be making more money than Emin.



II.—But Emin is having a good deal more fun than Stanley.

A Modern Brummel.

The London *News* has this to say of Ward McAllister: "His work shows that he is of that true dandy race who are born with the manner and the air, and who call to one another through the ages, as deep might call unto deep. We doubt if any such man has appeared since Brummel, or, at any rate, since Barbey d'Aurevilly, who, only the other day, finished his noble career. There is a placid and self-contented cocksureness in such natures which passes the pride of kings. Kings they are by a diviner right, and the author of Society as I Have Found It, is the peer of the best of them, in spite of the accident of his birth under the Stars and Stripes. His chapter on fashions in stationery is said to be the most complete thing in our language and of our time. His theory of the bordering of mourning-cards is the very anatomy of melancholy. He teaches us fussy because he is not ashamed to learn. There is something beautiful in the way in which he owns his obligations to a British dandy, who gave him the law about the tails of a dress-coat. "You must never be able to see them yourself," said the British dandy, meaning that they ought to elude all attempts to discover them by a glance over one's shoulder. Here evidently we touch a principle, and we feel that the British dandy is right. It is the law of gracefulness. There is in it there is a sense of loneliness, of course, in this conception of a fellow-creature who has never beheld his own coat-tail, but that loneliness is in the dandy nature. One other thing of deepest import was said by the teacher from the Old World: "I can tell a man from the provinces simply by his hat." But this subject is too vast for the fag end of an essay, and we must reluctantly leave it, with the hope of returning to it another day. It will always be timely, for writings such as these can never die.

Maiden's Question.

Tattered tramp at the door (to Miss Trotter who has come to see her brother back of the house)—Your husband sent me for his best overcoat, ma'am. He wants me to take it to be cleaned.

Miss Trotter (sarcastically)—Will you kindly tell me when I intend to intrust my husband's clothes to a tramp?—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Old Story.

The Indians are often more skinned against than skinning.—*Puck.*

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Mr. Ardentcourt—I am going away into the far west for some time. I know that I shall long for your delightful society. I will think of you everywhere. I will send you a real Chicago bouquet.

Miss Gusher—Oh, how kind of you, Mr. Ardentcourt! I do not know just what a real Chicago bouquet is, but I suppose it is a ham; and I am so fond of ham.—*Judge.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert of this season on Thursday evening of last week, before a large audience. The playing of the orchestra was not all that a bright, imaginative fancy painted it, some occult influence having been at work to prevent a performance of such a degree of excellence as would have been commensurate with the general progress in the direction of proficiency shown by the two previous concerts of this organization. I have been told that the work of dismantling the Pavilion after the handsome display of decorative art which made the old barn a scene of dazzling brightness for the Yacht Club Ball was so very active and obtrusive as to interfere with the final rehearsal on Thursday afternoon, but this would hardly account for the decided evidence of "rattling" that was obvious to all observers and hearers at the concert. The usual rule of putting up a light overture or march for the opening number, which would serve for a "tune-up," was departed from, and William Tell was made to serve as the *entree*.

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This was played in very fair style, and was one of the best numbers on the programme. The quartette of cellos was very effective, and the attacks were prompt and decided. Good tone and nice shading were characteristic of the rendition of this piece. But in the next the trouble commenced. Attacks became uncertain, and the tone was nervous in quality, and the phrasing seemed to get lost. In the Traumbilder a little zither solo was badly stumbled over, with equal uncertainty in the accompaniment, but after all the piece was redemanded. The Saltarello by Gounod served to brace up the orchestra once more, and it was splendidly played. The Masse overture, The Marriage of Jeannette also received a thoroughly good rendition.

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After this the work went down a little again and Langey's Arabian Serenade was commenced, with strings, pizzicato and no solo instruments audible. The great March Indienne was very effective with the splendid fulness of tone imparted by the band of the Queen's Own Rifles, but after all I do not think that it makes a good concert piece. The repetitions in it become tiresome when not relieved by the sight of the pageant supposed to be going on on the stage. Mrs. Clara E. Shilton was at her best, and gave a fine rendering of E Strano from La Traviata. Her voice is rich and full, very sweet in quality, and is gaining in lightness and brightness. The difficult florid passages were sung with great ease and fluency and she won a well deserved recall. Weil's Spring Song is rather a heavy composition for so bright a subject, still Mrs. Shilton made it a very acceptable number on the programme. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke for once left the realm of polkas "and sich," and gave us a very ambitious solo for the cornet, a Chanson d' Amour by Iseman, which he played splendidly. The next concert by the orchestra will take place on March 5, in conjunction with the Choral Society, by which time all its friends hope to see it recovered from the momentary "rattle."

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A very nice programme of sacred music was given at the Central Methodist Church on Monday evening, by the choir of the Church, under T. C. Jeffers, organist and conductor. The performers were, in addition to the choristers: Miss Ida Hatch, Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mr. H. L. Clarke, and Mr. K. G. Kirby.

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At the conversazione given by the Toronto Bicycle Club at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening of last week, an excellent programme of music was well carried out, the following being the items: Gondolier waltz, by the Bicycle Orchestra; Comrades in Arms, the Glee Club; Douglas Gordon, Miss May Cooper; cornet solo, Mr. H. L. Clarke; Robin Adair, Schumann Male Quartette; Thady and I, Mrs. R. J. Hall; Faust, the Bicycle Orchestra; Across the Still Lagoon, Mrs. Hall and Miss Cooper; Thou Art My Queen, Mr. R. J. Hall; song (by request), Signor Milnoirl; Barnyard Galop, the Orchestra.

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Last week Miss Annie Langstaff, who has been for three years leading soprano of the choir of the Church of the Redeemer, was married to Mr. John Donaghy of Quebec. The wedding was musical in character, the chancel being occupied by a large choir, with Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli at the organ, and Mr. E. W. Schuch as director. The choir gave Mrs. Donaghy a handsome wedding present in the shape of a silver tea service in evidence of its recognition of her zeal and good nature while on its staff.

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Next week will be a busy week musically. On Tuesday the Mozart Quartette—Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Frau Dunbar Moravetz, Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. E. W. Schuch—will make its *debut* at the Parkdale Methodist church. Thursday evening Heintzman's band makes its bow under its new conductor, Mr. H. L. Clarke, at the Pavilion, with Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Miss Gaylord, Messrs. Schuch, Reimers and Ramsay as soloists. The young lad Wilhams, principal boy soprano of Westminster Abbey, has created a great stir in Montreal. The newspaper press of that city are as one in the opinion that he far excels anything in the way of boy singers hitherto known in this country. I hear it as the enthusiasm in Montreal in fact went so far that popular price tickets were withdrawn after audiences of 5,000 per night were secured and hundreds of persons were obliged to turn away from the doors on the nights of the concerts. The evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week are set for Williams' appearance in Toronto, and the hall plans as they now appear at Messrs. Nordheimer, indicate that the managers of the Auditorium, where the concerts are to take place, will have a particularly busy time of it.

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On Monday evening the second quarterly concert of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was held at the Association Hall and was well attended. The pupils of the institution showed to great advantage, and their efforts met with warm applause. The singers were: Miss Sophie Foad, Mrs. Alfred Wigmore, Mr. Bruce Bradley, Miss Anna McWhinney, Miss Lizzie L. Walker, Miss Mary Pridham, Miss Clara Code, and Miss Laura Harper. The instrumentalists were: Miss Florence Brown, Miss Jessie Darling, Miss Maggy Johnson, Miss Lena M. Hayes, Miss Louie McDowell, Miss Maude Fairbairn, and Miss Lonie Reeve, with Miss Hermenia Walker, Miss Eva May as elocutionists.

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The Canadian College of Organists is endeavoring to popularize its people and its objects with the various constituencies its principal members occupy, and with very successful results. On Saturday last, Mr. William Reed, organist of the American Presbyterian church in Montreal, a member of the council of the college, gave an organ recital before a large audience, during which he played Sir Robert Stewart's Concert Fantasia in D minor, Guilmant's Cantilene Pastorale, Gigout's March de Fete, Mendelssohn's Sixth Sonata, Buck's Rondo Caprice, and Lemmen's Ita Missa Est. Mr. J. E. P. Aldous of Hamilton will give a concert to popularize this body in the Ambitious City, and the local winners of the A. C. O. (Canada) degree will give a recital for the same object, to be held in Music Hall of the College of Music, at which several church compositions of native composers will be introduced, among which are some from the pen of Mr. Reed of Montreal, which have been published by Schirmer of New York.

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Mr. A. S. Vogt, the popular organist of Jarvis street Baptist church, is preparing a series of lectures upon The Development of Opera, the first of which will be delivered in the College of Music within the next few weeks, taking in the period from the inception of opera under Peri and Caccini and its gradual development to the time of the production of Beethoven's Fidelio. This lecture will be followed by two others, dealing specially with the modern Romantic School, the last of the series being devoted to Wagner, and all of them being liberally illustrated by examples from representative works of the great operatic reformer. Mr. Vogt's well-known thoroughness in any literary work he undertakes will be a sufficient guarantee of the interesting nature of the lectures he has arranged to provide for the music students of our city.

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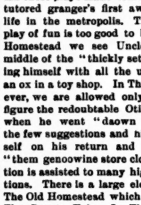
The Toronto Vocal Society has arranged to give its second concert this season, on Tuesday evening, April 21. METRONOME.

The Drama.



NEIL Burgess' County Fair, with Neil Burgess missing, is attracting good audiences to the Grand Opera House this week. It is a lively, go-as-you please sort of piece, which does not ask any serious consideration, but which has a laugh in every line and fun in every action. The County Fair is evidently one of the progeny of The Old Homestead and its wonderful success. There is the same absence of a distinct plot, and the interest is built up on qualintness of character, action and speech as displayed in the simple-minded, shrewd and close-fisted New England farmer. All these plays make something out of the untutored granger's first awful introduction to life in the metropolis. This chance for a display of fun is too good to be lost. In The Old Homestead we see Uncle Josh in the very middle of the "thickly settled" town disporting himself with all the unconscious grace of an ox in a toy shop. In The County Fair, however, we are allowed only to imagine what a figure the redoubtable Otis Tucker would cut when he went "daown tew York." From the few suggestions and hints let fall by himself on his return and his appearance in "them genoowine store clothes," the imagination is assisted to many highly-amusing situations. There is a large element of pathos in The Old Homestead which does not enter into The County Fair. In The County Fair the chief element of disturbance is that most frequent thorn in the side of the rural populace—a mortgage. This mortgage is personified, or in other words, is held by a measly-looking neighbor named Hammerhead, who is not half as villainous as he might be. He makes things rather disagreeable, however, for Miss Abigal Prue, the owner of the mortgaged farm, by offering her the alternative of marrying him or losing her farm. This prospect, though unpleasant, does not frighten Miss Prue, for though loth to lose her farm, she has her adoring suitor, Otis Tucker, to guard her from Hammerhead and starvation. Otis has been bringing her paper up from the postoffice every Wednesday night for fourteen years, so that she feels pretty sure of him. The mortgage fiend is finally foiled by Aunt Abigal's colt—which has been secretly trained to run by a waif she adopted—winning a purse of $3,000 at a county fair. This, with a marriage license from Otis Tucker, and the discovery that several of the waifs she adopted were of her own kith and kin, makes Aunt Abigal happy. The machine by which the horse race is actually represented is one of the realistic triumphs of this realistic age. By means of a rapidly-moving plane, on which the horses are placed, they are forced to actually run, and run rapidly, to retain their feet. The principle is much the same as the old-fashioned dog churn, only that instead of the animals making the machine work, the revolving machine makes the animals move. The part of Abigal Prue is admirably taken by Maria Bates, and Otis Tucker is excellently presented by Mr. Thomas McGrath. The rest of the cast is well up to the mark.

•

The procession of variety shows seems this season to have no ending. It seems as if all the theatrical energy of the country were running to variety and farce. As a matter of fact there is more truth than poetry in this. The farce-comedy wave struck America two or three years ago and has swept it. I should think this might have something to do with the current depression in theatrical business. It may have something to do with the report that nearly half of the companies organized to tour America this season have resolved themselves into their original factors and are known on "the road" no more. That which is built on folly must end in disaster, for while a little nonsense may be relished by wise men as well as foolish, still when it gets to be all nonsense the great public arises, makes one devastating kick and someone gets hurt. This is probably what is troubling the people who thought they were going to transmute their nonsense into gold. There are a good many people in the world and, as Carlyle said, "mostly fools," but there is a limit to their nonsense absorbing capacity and I think that limit has been reached. The reactionary wave has probably set it and ere long we'll be panting for a good farce-comedy company in a desert of legitimate drama and howling melodramatic plays.

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Whallen and Martell's mammoth combination which played at the Academy all week is not such a mammoth as one might think. It has two or three good features, but on the whole the show is not up to the standard of many of the variety shows which have preceded it this season. Prof. W. Kappes tight wire specialty is worthy of commendation. The performance of the Martell family is fairly good and Rouclere does some pretty fair juggling. Manager Greene advertises a splendid attraction for the last three nights of next week. This is the great German comedian J. K. Emmet in Uncle Joe or Fritz in a Madhouse. It has been said of Emmet that he cannot act at all, but he can get two or three children about him on the stage and can play with them, talk to them and sing to them in such a way as to enthrall his audience and move them alternately to laughter and tears.

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At Jacobs & Sparrow's is being presented this week a performance of unusual merit in Jim the Penman. Though Jim the Penman is getting to be very well known to habitual theater-goers it still retains a wonderful grasp on public favor. It is undoubtedly one of the most powerful plays produced in modern times. In its strong characterization and admirable construction, its cumulative interest and absorbing climax, it has been rarely equalled. But the best of plays get worn by undue repitition and Jim the Penman will probably soon be laid on the shelf to await a revival in fifteen or twenty years hence. But to those who have not seen this play it might be said that they have a treat in store. The name of A. M. Palmer in connection with the company playing it at Jacobs this week is a sufficient guarantee that it is far above the average and were it not, the name of Harry Eytinge as the Baron Hartfeld of the cast should carry assurance. In my review of the performance of this play in SATURDAY NIGHT three years ago, I remember then giving Mr. Eytinge credit for doing work equal to the best in the cast. He was, I believe, the original American Baron and made it such a success at the Madison Square theater that he for a long time bore the soubriquet of "the bad baron." The character of the Penman is very well taken by Charles H. Riegel. Mr. Hardy Vernon makes a strong Louis Percival, while the sleepy Captain Redwood is capably interpreted by Mr. Edwin Travers. Nina is in the hands of Miss Louise Rial, who brings a great deal of genius and thought to the impersonation of this difficult character. An efficient support is furnished by the rest of the company.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

William Archer's criticism on Mrs. Langtry's Cleopatra is everywhere pronounced to be the most severe on record. Here it is: "Purple patches of Shakespeare swimming in a prismatic scintillant maelstrom of spectacle."

A theatrical manager says: "In a great many instances, and in some of the largest cities, the opera houses are either managed directly or controlled by women, and many of the theatrical organizations now on the road have a manageress instead of a manager. It seems odd enough, but it is nevertheless true that there are not half-a-dozen managers in the whole profession worth a half million dollars, yet there are certainly five women who manage their own companies who can boast of wealth even exceeding this amount, namely: Lotta, Sara Bernhardt, Lily Langtry, Modjeska, and the late Emma Abbott."

A Paris correspondent says of Sardou, the great French dramatist: "Sardou has few friends. The only way to gain his favor is to feed him with flattery. His wonderful success has transformed the timid, hard-working writer of other days into a colossal egotist. In manner, he is brusque and dictatorial. All the artists at the theater are afraid of him, for he is the most arduous of taskmasters during a rehearsal. Only the 'divine Sarah' can tame this dramatic bear. She goes to him for ideas, but she does not allow him to order her around. What has aroused the ire of Parisians lately is his reply when asked his opinion of Lamartine, whose statue has just been unveiled with great pomp and ceremony. 'I've got other things to think about than the eulogy of Lamartine,' said Sardou; 'he played us a bad turn in 1848 in a republic with three consuls, Lamartine, Hugo, and Danton ran off to the savages."

An American paper says: "People go to the theater to be entertained. They may sometimes get serious or interesting thoughts aroused by a play. But, as for education, there is none to be had now, at least only once in a while, except in manners. Our manners are born of the stage. The fact that Americans go so much to the theater gives them a style, gives them a knowledge of the amenities of the life in what are called the upper circles, which accounts for the hoodlum raising his hat to the young woman on the street, and the affectation of Nob Hill receptions at a Tar Flat ball. You will note it, too, to some extent in conversation, where the fashion of speech used on the stage is used very often quite unconsciously. It is responsible, perhaps, also for the sentimental dissatisfaction which makes many girls' lives unhappy. Their sweethearts do not talk to them as the handsome actor talks to the leading lady in the play. But what education the stage gives is false, unnatural, and never agrees with hard experience. People know that all this stage stuff is unreal, but mankind is an imitative animal and can't help the unconscious copy. Did you ever watch a young man in conversation with a pretty girl he has just been introduced to at a ball? The affectation of style, the extravagant key of voice, the forced laugh, the exaggeration of politeness—all these, where did he get them? They are not natural, they are not even agreeable. They are all borrowed from the stage and from the novel. This is why the simplest manners are always so effective; they are real."

'Varsity Chat.

It is now one year since the great fire, for such we may call it. The University seemed at first to have decidedly suffered by the calamity that had so suddenly befallen her on a night when her sons and daughters were to make merry according to the formalities of established custom in connection with the annual conversazione. Out of the ruins, however, 'Varsity is rising up with greater strength than ever. Who has not heard of our *alma mater?* Like Solomon of old she has received gifts from kings, queens, principalities and powers. All nations have taken an interest in our institution. The letters, pamphlets, documents and books received during the past year by the University authorities connect us with the greatest men and most powerful institutions in the world. A university does not depend solely for its existence on stone and mortar. These things decay, but the spirit of learning never loses its power. It passes on from age to age, stirring men up to fine thoughts and noble deeds. This spirit forever burns bright in the scholastic breast and hope is thereby enlivened. The burning lamp which adorns the heraldic shield of the 'Varsity will to future generations be the emblem of light and reason. 'Varsity has wrought much good in the past, her power is on the increase and her friends need not despair of her future.

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The members of the Y. M. C. A. have issued a neat card containing a schedule of the meetings for this term. The members of the executive committee are: President, I. O. Stringer; first vice-president, G. W. Robinson; second vice-president, C. H. Mitchell; treasurer, G. E. McCraney; recording secretary, C. R. Williamson; councillors, N. McDougall, D. A. Sooter; general secretary, H. B. Fraser, B. A. The conveners of committees are: Bible study, F. R. Lillie; rooms and reading rooms, W. Hardie; membership, G. T. Graham; intercollegiate, J. McNichol; devotional, N. I. Perry; city missions, E. A. Henry; foreign missions, W. R. McIntosh; social purity, A. McMillan. At the regular meeting on Thursday of this week the delegates who attended the inter-provincial convention presented their report.

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The doctrines of Henry George do not appear to be on the wane, for they are more freely discussed from day to day, and numerous advocates of his theories in some form or other are to be found. The students of political science devote much time in endeavoring to discover what is true and what is false in such theories. To assist them in this Prof. Ashley, on Monday morning last, delivered a lecture before the Political Science Club of '93, on the Single Tax. The professor is, for many reasons, not in favor of the Single Tax, and he thinks it is unfortunate that by such a theory men's minds should be diverted from proper economic principles. The great social problem could never be solved by the Single Tax, for the theory was not correct nor in accord with the principles of true justice.

•

Hon. David Mills, L.L.B., spoke "a word in season" to the fourth year class in Political Science as he was concluding his lectures for the year last week. He cautioned his class not to become imbued with the idea that they, while at college, had learned everything that was worth knowing, for they would find out that the difficult problems of life had not yet been solved by them. If they were strongly equipped with true principles when they graduated they would be sure of success.

•

J. J. McLaren, LL.D., Q.C., has completed his lectures on The Comparative Jurisprudence of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The lectures were very interesting, and many differences between our case law and the code in Quebec were pointed out. The more there is said about Canada and her early history the more we find out that there is much which would be valuable for us to know. It is indeed strange that Canadian history should be so much neglected at our Provincial University. A change, however, is coming over the vision of the past dreams of the authorities and now Canadian matters receive a little toleration.

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The missionary sent out to Korea under the auspices of the Medical Students' Y. M. C. A. is in distress. The doctors have not supported him liberally. He has cabled for more money and the Mission Board is now putting forth special efforts to send him two hundred dollars this week. Surely this good work will not be allowed to fail for want of practical sympathy on the part of those who are living in comfort and luxury at home. Dr. Hardie and his family have left all their friends and relatives, to devote themselves to the preaching of the Gospel to the Koreans, and it is to be hoped that the amount required will be made up at once. Subscriptions will be acknowledged by the Treasurer, Dr. Harley Smith, 256 Spadina avenue Toronto. DRAX ALEEN.

Bashful John.

For Saturday Night.

The summer sun had sunk to rest,
The shades of evening come,
As John Todd walked by Mary Gray
To safely "see her home."

For long had Johnnie's heart been here,
He fain had made this clear,
But when he oped his mouth to speak
In jumped a little fear.

It filled his throat till scarce he could
Draw breath, it tied his tongue,
It made his heart-beats sound to him
As pounded on a drum.

It shook his knees, it stole the blood
From out his cheeks' red brown,
It made all objects to his sight,
Seem dancing up and down.

In fact it interfered so much
(This "little div" of fear)
With his internal management
It made him feel most queer.

Something there seemed that changed his words,
And though he meant to say,
"I love you, darling," he remarked,
"It's been a lovely day."

And when he thought this time for sure,
He would his passion tell,
He heard himself say (cowardly Jack!)
"I hope your mother's well."

Their walk eventless might have been
If Mary had not stumbled,
And into John's quick out-stretched arms
Ingloriously tumbled.

When in his longing clasp he felt
That all he loved was nestled,
The words came thronging to his lips,
And love with shyness wrestled.

As when the sunshine melts the ice
In some rock-bound river,
His heart's warmth stirred him, quick he cried,
"Ah, Love! stay here forever!"

"I love you! love you! darling! sweet!
How could I bear my life
Without you? Tell me, dearest heart,
That you will be my wife."

And so on, though she thought his speech
Most eloquent for certain,
To us, this telling might not reach,
So let us drop the curtain.

Suffice to find, "in face of men
And in the sight of God"
That, later on, sweet Mary Gray
Was changed to Mary Todd. A. A.

St. Valentine and Cupid.

Saint Valentine, long years ago,
Upon his natal day,
Across the meadows white with snow
Delighted took his way.
The snow, unbroken since its fall
By bird or beast or man,
Lay o'er the hills and valleys all,
And decked the rugged spruces tall,
As only Nature can.

The sun, careering up on high,
Threw down his glittering beams
From out a clear, unclouded sky
In such abundant streams
Of light that never mortal eye
Beheld a fairer sight;
For scattered wide both far and near
He made unnumbered hosts appear
Of diamonds sparkling bright.

Saint Valentine in joyful mood
Had crossed the meadows wide;
He took the pathway thro' the wood,
Where, by an oak-tree's side,
That close beside the foot-path stood,
A naked babe he spied.
His shoulders bore a pair of wings,
A short bow, with a score of strings,
Lay by him in the snow;
Asleep he lay, and sleeping smiled,
While 'round and o'er the lovely child
Hung beauty's charming glow.

The good saint stood transfixed—amazed,
As on the slumb'ring babe he gazed.
"What's here? Can I believe my eyes?
Belongs this babe in Paradise,
Or in this world below?
He surely must be frozen quite.
Hullo here! What's your name?
Who'er has left you in this plight
Is surely much to blame.
How came you here?" The urchin yawned
And rubbed his starry eyes;
Then raised himself and looked around
In sleepy, mild surprise.

"My name's Dan Cupid, sir," said he,
And smiled a winning smile;
"I'd just lain down beneath this tree
To rest a little while."

"But would you not soon freeze to death?"
Exclaimed Saint Valentine.
"O, no! Cold winter's icy breath
Affects not me nor mine.
True love no frosts can ever chill,
No storms can drive away;
Naught but indifference can kill,
Or check him in his sway.
And these, my brightly polished darts,
Bear ever the magic power
To swell each joy of human hearts
And comfort sorrow's hour."

"But, then, do they not wound as well?"
Inquired Saint Valentine.
Said Cupid: "Yes; but let me tell
About these darts of mine.
They wound, 'tis true; but notice take
That in themselves they bear
A healing for all wounds they make—
'Tis so, I do declare.

"Now shall I have the pleasant task
With love to fill your soul?
I'll grant whate'er you choose to ask
If 'tis in my control,"
Said Cupid, as his bow he drew
And fixed in place a dart;
Like lightning-flash the arrow flew
And pierced the good saint's heart.

A look of rapture, strange and new,
O'erspread his kindly face.
Said he: "This boon I ask of you—
That I may take your place
On this day in each coming year,
And bear your magic bow,
That I may cause this rapture dear
Through other hearts to flow."

Said Dan: "My word I pledged to you,
And Love's own word is ever true."
And so each year, on this same day,
Saint Valentine holds royal sway
O'er all hearts here below,
And within his happiest hours away
By using Cupid's bow.

H. M. PECKHAM *in N. Y. Ledger.*

Honeyed Words.

She—I am sorry you must be going.
He—It doesn't matter. When one meets you he is already gone.—*Life.*

Noted People.

Judge Holmes, son of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, is said to be the only justice on the Massachusetts supreme court bench who enjoys writing out an opinion. His associates prefer oral utterances.

The late George Bancroft, historian, was particularly sensible to the charms of young girls. He is said to have reproached a Newport bud on one occasion, some years ago, because she did not call him "George."

Mrs. Rider Haggard left three children at home to accompany her husband on his journey into the shadowy regions of Aztecland. Mrs. Haggard has made friends among the ladies of New York who met her at several receptions. She is a pretty English woman, plump, florid, as English women like to be, and unaffected.

George Meredith, it is said, writes in a little cottage of two rooms standing in the garden of his house. He works in the morning, and after giving his MSS. to his daughter to copy, proceeds to study and to translate the classics. As for worldly affairs, he is a ward in chancery and has a moderate fortune.

M. Chauchard, the French purchaser of the Angelus from the American Art Association, is one of the largest stockholders in the famous Parisian dry goods shop the Magasin du Louvre, and was one of the founders of the establishment. His private art gallery contains many fine paintings, and all will probably be bequeathed to the museum of the Louvre at M. Chauchard's death.

The news that the late Duke of Bedford committed suicide will surprise no one who recalls his impatience under even the most trivial kind of annoyances, says *Modern Society*. His was not a passionate nature by any manner of means, but he had so exalted an idea of himself that he could not imagine how the Deity could possibly have the audacity to visit him, the Duke of Bedford, with sickness and pain. It is ironical, indeed, that one of the most powerful nobles of the most phlegmatic country in the world should, with his own hand, put a term to his existence with a bullet just like a love sick and starving Italian poet!

The Emperor William of Germany, as is well known, is afflicted with a malady in his ear, which at times makes him suffer greatly. One day, after being out hunting in the rain and wind, the pain was so great that the doctors ordered him injections of morphia. The Emperor decided to have a medical consultation with Drs. Bergmann and Seves and two friends of Dr. Koch. The question asked by the young Sovereign was, "Is my illness of a cancerous nature, or tuberculous?" The doctors were of opinion that it partook of this latter. It was then that the Emperor himself decided that experiments should be made on mankind, notwithstanding Koch's remonstrances, who declared that the results might not be the same on men as on animals. Notwithstanding this, the experiments were made, and as everyone knows, the Emperor followed them with passionate zeal and curiosity, which can be easily understood when the reason is known. It remains to be seen if His Majesty feels sufficiently convinced to submit himself to the same treatment.

It is announced that Mr. Richard Harding Davis is, at the beginning of next month, to be associated in the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Davis is only twenty-six years of age. He is the son of the well-known journalist, Mr. L. Clarke Davis of Philadelphia, and of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, whose brilliant work in fiction is known in every cultivated American home. Young as he is, Mr. R. H. Davis has already won his spurs, both as a journalist and as a story-writer. He was a student at the Lehigh University and at Johns Hopkins, and was afterward for three years associated with Philadelphia journalism. On his return, in 1889, from Europe, where he had been a correspondent for the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*, he was engaged as a special writer for the New York *Evening Sun*, for which paper he wrote the original and picturesque series of Van Bibber Stories. His first short story, growing out of his passion for foot-ball, was published in *St. Nicholas* in 1886. His more recent tales, Gallagher, A Walk up the Avenue, The Cynical Miss Catherwight, and My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegen, have given him a popularity so sudden as to be comparable only with that recently attained by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Colonel Cody's (Buffalo Bill) eldest daughter, Miss Arta, is a magnificent, queenly looking young woman, credited with having as much courage and self-confidence as her father. Many pretty stories of her pluck are told by the residents of North Platte. Among them is the following: Some years ago, when Miss Arta was about fourteen years of age, Cody had in his stable a large, handsome, high-spirited horse, who was particularly vicious—so much so, in fact, that Cody himself did not care about riding him. One day, Arta concluded that she would ride this horse, although the stableman sought to dissuade her. She was determined, however, and succeeded in getting a bridle on him, and then leaped nimbly on to his back. The horse reared and plunged, but the girl kept her seat. Finally the animal threw her. She was up again in an instant, and once more on his back. This time the animal threw her over his head, scratching her face to a considerable degree. With blood streaming down her face, her eyes filled with tears, and her rage so great that she looked like a young tigress, she sprang to her feet, crying: "The brute, I'll ride him now if he kills me," and, suiting the action to the word, gave the horse the most terrible beating he had ever received, and when she had completed, the animal was as docile as the proverbial "Old Dobbin," and Miss Arta rode off triumphantly, while her father and the stablemen looked on in astonishment. Another illustration of her confidence in her ability to take care of herself is furnished by the fact that one day, during Cody's first trip to England, she was reading a letter from him, and at once decided that she would like to see her father again. That was on a Wednesday, at North Platte, Neb., and on the following Saturday she was on a steamer leaving New York for England, and traveled the entire distance of over five thousand miles alone.

Daddy's Grandchild.

IN the outer and only suburb of Weggville is a waste lot noted for its productiveness in ferns and bramble vines, and on which there yet stands a fine specimen of the early architecture of this country, in the shape of a mansion twelve feet by twelve in area, built of unbarked logs and of the height of six linear feet to the slabs that form its roof. A nail-keg suffices for chimney. A single window frame that once held four panes of 5x7 glass, but of which two are now estopped with garments, gives character to the front. The north end having considerably subsided relieves the outline from that rectangular monotony that is so detrimental to art. The color of the whole edifice is a muddy brown, pleasing to the educated eye. On one occasion an eminent artist, struck with the peaceful and rustic, "bit," erected his easel and was painting assiduously when the occupant rushed out and drove him away with a broomstick. The artist was from New York, which caused him to exclaim "ha, 'pon 'onor, vulgar really; did I ever? No, never."

The occupant who was thus hostile to landscape art was a female person of advanced age, who, from the stubbly beard that adorned her chin, and her habit of wearing a battered stove-pipe hat and a man's jacket—thus allowing latitude of opinion in regard to her sex,—was known as "Daddy."

This dubious citizen was a moral blot, a felon on the finger, a carbuncle on the nose of Weggville. In earlier years she was drawn, by many of the clergy, as an inference from Original Sin. Later she was frequently drawn home in a hand cart. Her alleged husband had been a burglar of some eminence, who was shot, leaving an only son, not possessing his father's genius, and never attaining a higher social position than boozer and corner loafer. It is a sorrowful truth that whom the gods love die young, therefore this estimable person asphyxiated himself by getting at a cask of forty-rod in transit, leaving to Daddy only her little grandchild Lily.

It is observable in the economy of nature—a sweet flower sometimes grows from an ugly root: so grew Lily, a sweet flower as became her name. When I first noticed her she was a little dot of a thing with blue eyes and a tinkling laugh like a sleigh bell. She shot up rapidly, as these roly-poly children do, into a slim slip of a girl useful for running of errands and holding babies when their mothers went around to the store to buy needles and cornstarch. When not so employed she had a way of wandering into the woods and making the acquaintance of squirrels. You seldom saw her that she did not have a floral wreath in her hands or on her head. She had a perfect passion for flowers. She was a general favorite. Workmen going to dinner would say to her "Hel'o! Lil." Even boys (those most obnoxious of animals) refrained from shying stones and merely made faces at her as they passed. As she never owned a bonnet in her life, strangers would pat her beautiful fair hair and say a kindly word and give her cents. This last was an indiscreet form of sympathy, for Daddy stole the money and converted it into whisky. More than one good neighbor would have adopted her, but her weird relative held on to her as a source of revenue.

She was about ten years of age when the kind old doctor mentioned to some of us that the little girl Lily was not long for this world. Then the true-hearted sympathy for which Weggville is noted, flowed out. Young ladies, in gangs of threes and fours to protect themselves by numbers from the fearsome presence of Daddy, were wont to visit and care for the fading lily. Everybody was kind to her. Even the meek pastor of the Eclectics, with $300 a year of stipend, and who had cure of souls—although I never heard that he cured any—paid a dollar for a bottle of port wine for her, which Daddy drank. At Sunday school the girl had many little friends. When passing, these would frequently flatten their noses against one of the two panes of glass that remained in the window, and call: "Here are you, Lily dear!" and would then run away scared when they saw Daddy rising up inside like an exhalation.

Lily faded rapidly. Her illness was short and painless. Her last words were: "I would like to be buried, please, where flowers grow."

As soon as her grandchild was dead, Daddy went around with a subscription list, but nobody gave her anything.

The little girl's friends proceeded to give her Christian burial. The Methodies and Emmanuelites and those of the Presbyter had no flowers in their God's acre. Neither had the disciples of John Baptist any sweet buds for Apollis to water. Their idea of a last resting-place seemed to be to make it as horrid as possible. Two sister churches did have pretty flower plots among their graves, each communion with a gardener in a blue apron and a wheelbarrow; and the two her friends went, beseeching for four feet and a half by two to bury Lily in. The genial flame of the Universal Indubitable rolled his eyes and lips with kind unction and signified that as she had not received the last anointment they might dig a hole outside his fence and drop her in and he would waive all sectarian objection. The gentlemanly and ascetic Anglican regretted that the canons of his church forbade him to let her lie alongside of the deceased devout who had believed in the thirty-nine articles.

There was a little clump at the end of Tumpkins' meadow of wild cherry and mountain ash and young maple and juniper, swarded beneath the trees and speckled with dog-violets and blue hyacinths and white five-starred pigeon flowers that turn into red berries. The birds came there in summer and sang carols. When the wind blew high the branches sighed. When the wind blew low the leafage made a murmur as of a hymn. It was a little garden with no gardener and no wheelbarrow. That's where they laid her. HUNTER DUVAR.

"Now, Johnny," said papa, "who was Adam?" "He was the man who discovered the world," said Johnny.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Change of Opinion.

Scene: Mrs. Bearupp's Friday evening reception. A little languid music, a little languid dancing, a great deal of languid talking.

Mr. Bordoft (looking wearily about him, and addressing himself in plaintive confidence)—This is terribly dull. I think I'll make a bold dash and escape. I've really stayed as long as—(Feels a tap on his arm and turns quickly.) Mrs. Bearupp!

Mrs. Bearupp—Mr. Bordoft! The very person I have been trying to find. Please come and be introduced to a—a—young lady.

Mr. Bordoft—Why this hesitation? Isn't she young? (Aside.) Oh, that I had secured my hat and freedom!

Mrs. Bearupp—Yes, indeed; young and very pretty. She came with her aunt, Mrs. Takittin. So pretty! but the oddest creature! She says exactly what she means.

Mr. Bordoft—Then she is the woman I am dying to meet!

Mrs. Bearupp—Yes; it's positively outrageous the way that girl keeps on telling the truth.

Mr. Bordoft—I shall be charmed.

Mrs. Bearupp—Oh, will you? But here she is—luckily, alone. Miss Plaintauk, let me present Mr. Bordoft, who has begged so pitifully for this introduction.

Miss Plaintauk (raising a pair of candid eyes and looking at Mr. Bordoft for the fraction of a second)—I can't see why he should be pitiful about it. Good evening.

Mr. Bordoft—Delighted to have the honor. (Mrs. Bearupp smiles herself away.) One always meets such charming people here. Do you often come to Mrs. Bearupp's Fridays?

Miss Plaintauk (calmly)—I never came before; and I wish I hadn't now.

Mr. Bordoft—Ahem! You are not enjoying it, at all?

Miss Plaintauk—There isn't anything to enjoy, that I can discover.

Mr. Bordoft—Perhaps you would like to dance? If so, I should be only too happy—

Miss Plaintauk (with an air of surprise)—Do you dance?—nicely, I mean—I'd just love to have a waltz; but—I can't. (Confidentially.) There's something the matter with my toe. I think it's a corn, and (solemnly) Aunt Alice thinks so, too.

Mr. Bordoft (regaining his breath, after quite a pause)—I'm very sorry! May I stay and talk to you, then?

Miss Plaintauk—It depends a good deal on what you intend to talk about.

Mr. Bordoft—Or—shall we take a turn through the rooms?

Miss Plaintauk—That's even more stupid than talking.

Mr. Bordoft—Well, it is interesting just to sit and watch the people.

Miss Plaintauk—Oh, do you think so? (Stifles a yawn and gazes into the far, far distance.)

Mr. Bordoft (driven to his wit's end)—You are not—ah—you don't—ah, belong to New York?

Miss Plaintauk—Oh, yes, indeed! All my people are New Yorkers. Plaintauk's cigarettes—that's papa's concern.

Mr. Bordoft (with augmented interest and respect)—Really? It is said to be the largest in the country.

Miss Plaintauk—And all within ten years. I remember when we kept a little store on First avenue and mother worked on coats. Just think! Father can barely write his name, and my brother Ed took the honors in literature at Yale last year; and—I'm a Vassar graduate!

Mr. Bordoft (believing he has at last found a key to favor)—Ah, I thought I recognized the Vassar air.

Miss Plaintauk (smiling disdainfully)—The Vassar airs, you mean. I should be very sorry if I thought you were speaking the truth; but I know quite well there is no trace of the Vassar brand on me.

Mr. Bordoft—Ah—ah—well, what I really mean is, that your brightness, your poise of mind, added to so much grace and beauty—er—ah—

Miss Plaintauk (looking at him point blank)—You find it hard to say what you really mean.

Mr. Bordoft (aside)—How lovely her eyes are! and, by Jove—confound her, she is fascinating—adorable. It would be well worth while to interest such a creature. I can, and shall! (In an impressively earnest manner)—My dear Miss Plaintauk, I confess I am not at my best with you. You have a quickness, and brilliancy, an unusual mental alertness.

Miss Plaintauk—Oh, thank you, very much, Mr. Bordoft; but here comes my deliverance. I am so glad! Dear auntie, you are acquainted with Mr. Bordoft? He has been trying so hard to entertain me. Shall we go now? Yes, do let us. I never was so tired and bored in all my life. Good night, Mr. Bordoft. If we could have danced, it wouldn't have been so bad. I never mind how dull or prosy a man is, if he is a really nice partner. Good night.

Mr. Bordoft (mentally, and gazing after Miss Plaintauk's retreating beauty)—What an abominable woman! She ought not to be allowed at large among civilized people. (A few moments later, to Mrs. Bearupp)—Such a delightful evening—but I really must tear myself away.

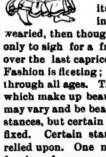
Mrs. Bearupp (archly)—Ah, now that Miss Plaintauk has gone! Isn't she original?

Mr. Bordoft—Oh, very! If all women were like her, society would be—

Mrs. Bearupp (brightly)—Yes—wouldn't it?

Mr. Bordoft—It would, indeed!—*Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck.*

An Ideal Body and How to Clothe It



ONE must learn to recognize beauty. Most eyes are untrained. A masterpiece of art is meaningless to the uncultivated eye. Half a life-time may be spent in learning what to look for, to distinguish what is essential, what is characteristic, and to eliminate the rest.

The world, blinded by custom and prejudice and thirsting for novelty, ignores real or ideal beauty, satisfying itself with fashion, adhering to one new form until wearied, then thoughtlessly accepting another, only to sigh for a fresh change, and to laugh over the last caprice. Fashion is not beauty. Fashion is fleeting; beauty is eternal, the same through all ages. The essential characteristics which make up beauty never change. Details may vary and be beautiful according to circumstances, but certain grand principles of art are fixed. Certain standards of beauty may be relied upon. One need not be swayed by the fancies of one person, nor by the superficial theories of another. Good taste is based upon the knowledge of these principles.

Beauty of the human form is to-day exactly what it was in ancient Greece; it is the same through all the centuries, however blind we are to its characteristics through ignorance. The consensus of ages is a true verdict, and classic forms become safe models. Greek sculpture was wrought when the body received its highest cultivation, and was so beautiful as to be called divine.

This sculpture should be carefully and continuously studied, as well as pictures of good nude figures. They are to be made familiar that one may learn why they are good, why they deserve admiration. Most people fancy they admire these classic models, but it must be in imagination only, else why should they allow themselves to exemplify false standards of form, and positively distort their own God-given bodies?

Searching for the highest standards of human form, we discover that manly beauty and womanly beauty differ essentially. It is agreed that the type of manly proportion includes a comparatively large head, wide shoulders rather square, a torso tapering to a contracted pelvis; while the whole may be seven and a half heads in height, or an additional half head added to the length of the legs, giving a particularly elegant figure.

On the other hand, fine proportions for a woman are a small head, shoulders rather sloping and narrow, the torso full and widest at the hips; while the front line from the sternum over the abdomen should show first a gentle, and then a full outward curve.

The conventional figure of the day is at variance with this type. Every effort is made to imitate masculine characteristics. The shoulders are thrust up high and square, or made to appear so; the torso is made to taper in; and everything under heaven is done to make the waist look small. The front line is forced to take an inward curve below the bust, and the side lines to form an awkward angle, in the hollow of which voluminous skirts are hung.

One should study sculpture with the new knowledge of these proportions most thoughtfully, till the rhythm of the lines has fastened itself upon the memory. Studying the pictures of the best artists of every age, we shall find these principles everywhere demonstrated.

The charm of womanly proportion is in the long curve from armpit to ankle, which is so different from the beauty of a manly figure. The depression at the so-called waist line—only the meeting of two large muscles which, in a beautiful woman, should be slight—would better be ignored in the clothing, for the sake of the greater beauty of the whole sweep.

It is to be understood that the long curves are made up of shorter contours, one gently melting into another. A form made up of graceful sweeps alone would be a weak, nerveless, insipid thing.

These proportions should be so understood, and so thoroughly appreciated, as to be always in mind, else a beautiful human form will not be recognized. Use physical exercises to attain the perfection of these curves. Hang pictures showing them where they may grow into your thought.

A knowledge of these primary truths will assist in the making of gowns. For instance, to preserve the beauty of the front line of a woman's figure the lesser beauty of the curve of the spine may be sacrificed. Any garment snug enough to touch the backbone down a good part of its length will press the soft front line out of shape.

An artist thoroughly in harmony with classic standards said a few days ago, "I have just seen a conventionally dressed woman who looked beautiful to me. Now what is the matter with me?"

That such a one should have received pleasure under the circumstances may be because conventional figures often have the same charm found in the symmetrical and elegant lines of a ornament, or in those of a vase, a newel-post, or a turret. There is a desirable elegance in length or height. Slender figures may attain this excellence. The lines of a stout figure may give the same satisfaction which we take in the form of a jug or a bottle.

All this may be pleasing or otherwise, but such an effect is not human. Smooth, sheath-like garments suggest the enamel or glaze of pottery. They may be beautiful in color and texture, at the same time that they are wholly unsuited to the undulating motion of living beings. They are in every sense opposed to the necessary freedom of bone and muscle. The soul needs the freest, most elastic environment to encourage its full expression. Every means should be at hand to facilitate that expression, every avenue opened, every stiff, inflexible restraint removed, every intruder restricted put out of the way.—*E. L. S. Adams, in Harper's Bazar.*

Accounted For.

"What's that awful noise in the next room?" asked the early guest at the banquet.

"That," replied the newspaper reporter, who had already arrived with a sharp pencil and a sharper appetite, "must be the table groaning under all the delicacies of the season."—*Norristown Herald.*

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

The programme last Saturday evening was opened by the Glee Club with The Brigadier. It is with sorrow I learn from good authority that we are not likely to listen to many more selections from them unless a revival takes place among our musical men. The society will view with unfeigned regret the possibility of their disbanding. It has endeavored by a liberal grant and enthusiastic appreciation of their efforts to encourage the sons of harmony who have made their dwelling amongst us, to come forward and make us sharers with themselves in that gift of song in which so many of us are sadly deficient, but alas! "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley," and we are afraid that this well laid plan is going to swell the great majority. Not because of any deficiency on the part of the leading spirits, for none could have worked harder than the Jones Bros. and Kingston, and perhaps a few of the others, but simply because the rank and file seem to lack the necessary interest. Pull yourselves together, children of song, and give the enterprise a fair chance! Let each individual member feel it incumbent upon him to attend the practice, even if he does have to sacrifice a little of his time and attention. Don't we all have to make some sacrifice for the general good, from the president down, and after all is not each a gainer in the end? Gentlemen of the Glee Club, the society has done its best for you and has a right to expect you to do something for yourselves, and the result will be that the club will remain in the future what it has been in the past, a credit and a source of pride to every law student and his female relations. After listening to the Glee the members formed themselves into a Mock Parliament for the purpose of discussing an unrestricted reciprocity bill.

Mr. Buckingham was elected leader of the Government and Mr. Cross leader of Her Majesty's loyal opposition. The former brought in the bill in a speech of fifteen minutes' duration. After building up the Unrestricted Reciprocity structure very much on the lines prescribed by those eminent architects Cartwright and Wiman, he garnished it with a few gables of his own design, which gave a very ornate appearance to the whole; declared the trade of the country to be in a most deplorable condition, and in eloquent terms called upon the house to support his bill rescuing thereby the country from the rocks upon which it was fast drifting. Mr. Swanson seconded the bill, bringing forward a number of fresh arguments and making quite an impression upon the house by his logical manner of dealing with the subject. Mr. Cross opposed the bill most strenuously, and was frequently applauded. He has evidently devoted considerable attention to platform oratory with marked results. He drew attention to the fallacy of taking off the duties as against the States and increasing them against the rest of the world, depreciated the measure as being an ungrateful one in view of our relationship to the Mother Country, and quoted statistics to show that both the farmer and manufacturer were in a better position under a protective policy than they could possibly expect to be should the measure pass. The debate was then adjourned until next Saturday evening. LEX.

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

MAIDIE TO THE RESCUE.

Patricia sat in her pretty drawing-room with a book in her hand, the lamp and fire light made a pleasant glow round her, and, though it was after seven o'clock, the window beneath the western veranda stood still unshuttered, for Gerald liked to be able to find his way in by it at any time before dinner, so it was seldom closed till eight.

Patricia, intent upon her book, did not hear the light hurrying footsteps up the garden path, and looked up startled when they reached her ears the sound of a timid, yet urgent, tap against the glass of the window.

She sprang up to open it, and, to her intense astonishment, Maidie St. Cyr glided in, her face pale, her hair dishevelled, her eyes wide as if with terror, and clutching at the hand held out to her in mute welcome the child uttered a long, low cry expressive of some severe mental strain.

"Oh, Miss Richmond! Save us! Save us!"

Patricia understood little enough of the nature of this appeal, yet she knew that there could be but one reply to it.

"I will, my child; I will. Do not trouble so, little one. You are quite safe here. I will save you, and save Corona, too."

She drew the little girl towards the fire, chafing her cold hands. The warm brightness of the room, the clasp of those strong fingers, the sense of protection in the calm confidence of Patricia's manner did much to still the tumultuous terrors that had driven Maidie almost to desperation during the midnight flight. She had heard flying footsteps in pursuit in every rustle of the leaves underfoot, or the boughs over her head. She had hardly expected to reach her goal alive; and now that she stood within the warm clasp of Patricia's arm, it seemed almost too good to be true, and nature found relief in a burst of hot weeping.

Patricia sat down and drew the child towards her, Maidie sinking to her knees, and laying her head upon the lap of her strong-willed friend, sobbed aloud for some minutes, consoled by the kind touch of the hand smoothing her tumbled curls, and too much relieved by the luxury of the outbreak to try and check it at once.

Patricia knew it would do her good to let her cry, so she waited several minutes before trying to learn the motive of this sudden appearance. At last, when the sobs were on the decline, she bent down and took the little one in her arms.

"There, darling, you are better now. Do not cry any more, for you are quite safe. We know what a wicked man your guardian is, and I claim protection from him we will see that you get it.

Maidie shivered, yet looked up eagerly.

"Can you take us away? I thought guardians had all the power."

"And wards the power of appeal. Do not fear, poor child. You shall never go back to him, and Corona shall be rescued too. I can promise you that much at least."

But Maidie's eyes were full of a strange questioning wistfulness. Words seemed to tremble on her tongue to which she was afraid to give utterance.

"What is it, my child?"

"Oh, Miss Richmond! I must tell you! Nothing can be worse than the secret! But, oh, if you would only promise to be our friend! Not to betray him—not to hurt him!"

Patricia turned pale.

"Hurt whom? betray whom? Maidie, what are you talking about?"

The child's eyes were fixed upon her face in the same gaze of pleading entreaty.

"I am talking about Cedric," she whispered, so that the words could only just be heard. "Oh Miss Richmond, will you not help to save him too?"

Patricia started up in wild excitement.

"Cedric! Cedric!" she exclaimed, "Maidie, are you sure you know what you are saying? Cedric found at last!"

Maidie had risen too, and even flung herself upon the neck of her newly found friend.

"You will not betray him! Oh, say you will not betray him! Oh, he did not do it! He has been cruelly, cruelly used. I must tell where he is, or Mr. Vansittart will kill him; but, oh, do not, do not give him up to be taken to prison. Pray—pray——"

Patricia laid her hand on the excited child's lips, and then stooped and kissed her.

"Little Maidie, I love Cedric almost as if he were my brother, and I know he has been cruelly wronged. He has friends who have been quietly working to clear his name, and much has already been done. When we have heard your story we shall probably hold in our hands all the missing links, and when Cedric is rescued—if he needs rescue—he need fear no danger from without. Now, my child, you must compose yourself, and tell me all, for I do not suppose there is any time to be lost."

Maidie's relief was so great as almost to bring back the tears, but she checked herself by a strong effort, and gave a detailed account of everything that had happened in the Panelled House since the night when Cedric had been brought there.

Patricia's blood ran cold as she pictured the fate that Cedric had so narrowly missed, and the frightful doom that would have been his but for the courage and affection of the girls, and the compassionate feelings that intercourse with them had stirred up in the heart of the afflicted servant. Even now a terrible fate seemed to overshadow him; but for another twenty-four hours he could set the foe at defiance, and before that time had expired help should be at hand!

"Maidie," she said, when the tale was told, and the child had grown calm in the telling, "if you are a dear, brave little girl, and have done capitally. Now, my child, you must compose yourself, and tell me all, for I do not suppose there is any time to be lost."

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"Will he help?" she asked, eagerly. "Oh, he is so kind and so strong! If he would help us—but then he thinks Cedric—we—I——"

"He thinks nothing but good of Cedric. He is his best friend. Yes, Maidie, all is going to come right now—be sure of that."

Patricia hurried away, and almost immediately some refreshment was brought to Maidie, which she accepted with gratitude, and rested and refreshed, full of hopeful courage, she was rapidly whirled up to the earl's house in Patricia's carriage.

Dinner there had just commenced, which is exactly what Patricia had reckoned on. She ascertained that Lord Mervyn was dining alone in the boudoir, and went straight up to him with her young charge at her side.

Mervyn was greatly recovered, and had driven out once or twice, but he had not resumed his ordinary work, and dinner served in the close of the day was a piece of ceremony that fatigued him, and which he still shrinked.

He looked up much surprised as Patricia walked in, and Maidie's presence at this hour evoked an exclamation of astonishment.

"Mervyn," said Patricia, "I believe we are getting to the bottom of the mystery at last! This child brings us news of Cedric, and if her testimony will not hang Vansittart, I don't know what the use of capital punishment can be. Hanging is twice too good for him."

Mervyn was holding Maidie's hand by this time in his warm, kindly clasp, and, as on another occasion, so at this time, his very presence seemed to soothe all her fears, and she sat contentedly down beside him, whilst Patricia rapidly told the tale, to which Mervyn listened with undivided attention.

Every now and then he asked her a question; from time to time he gave her an approving glance; but she was not required to talk much, though she listened eagerly to all that passed, and breathed freely again when she understood that Cedric's innocence did not require to be demonstrated to these people, but that they were certain of it before.

"Maidie," said Mervyn presently, "if your guardian was there that night, as it seems he must have been, do you think that he went as himself, so to speak, or did he adopt a disguise?"

"I expect he went disguised," answered Maidie, "for I saw a man once in the hall, a little man, in a moleskin cap, with a patch over one eye. He was fat—at least, he looked fat. Mr. Vansittart is thin; but I believe it was he, for he went straight into the study without ever speaking to Miss Vansittart, who let him in, and almost directly she locked and bolted the door for the night, and I wondered how the little man would get out. I daresay it was in the same time."

"Probably. Well, if we can find that disguise in his house, our case will be pretty well complete. To rescue Cedric and these girls, and to get possession of that suit of clothes, must be the next step. The only thing is shall it be done by open force or by the exercise of a little manœuvring?"

Patricia looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"I should like to get his victims out of his clutches before he is alarmed," she said presently. "I don't want to indulge grisly fancies, but after what we have heard there really seems no crime of which he is not capable. If we were to get into the house, and have time to set the machinery of the law in motion, there would be a certain amount of publicity and delay. He might have wind of the coming desperation do some last violent act, and escape before we could lay our hands upon him. He is so cunning and so cruel that my feeling is to make one decisive blow—take him by surprise, and effect the capture of his prisoners—after that it matters little what befalls him."

"Oh, how well you understand him!" cried Maidie, who had listened breathlessly to this discussion. "He would do anything if he thought he were discovered."

"You mean that you think you and your sister and Cedric ought to be safe out of the house before he can by any possibility get wind of anything?"

"Oh yes, yes! And he is so clever. He seems to know of things before they happen."

"And suppose he finds out your flight?"

"We do not think he will, because it will seem so impossible. I waited till dinner had been cleared away—we dine at six, you know—and Miss Vansittart said she should not come up again; she left us some tea to make for ourselves, and Corona was going to make up a kind of effigy in the bed in case anyone came and asked for me. I'm almost sure they won't suspect anything. Only please tell me what you are going to do. It is so hard to wait!"

"Let's call Keith up," said Mervyn. "We must take him into our counsels."

Patricia rang the bell, and Keith was summoned, and listened with undivided attention to the strange revelations that confirmed in a wonderful way the suspicions they had entertained.

"Cedric alive and in fair health. That is better than could have been expected. Bravo, Maidie! You have done famously! You are a plucky little girl, and deserve all the credit. Cheer up; do not look so frightened. You have plenty of friends working for you outside. We will defeat the old villain yet—play his own game and beat him with his own tools."

"I thought you would have a plan," said Mervyn. "You do not wish to give immediate notice to the authorities?"

"Hang the authorities! A glorious bash they made of it when they had things in their hands. Catch me trusting anything to them again! No. It is we who have had all the labor of ferreting things out. I certainly am not going to give all the fun and all the praise into the hands of the authorities at this critical juncture!"

"Oh, I am so glad!" breathed Maidie, who had a very strong conviction that the first step taken by the authorities would be to hang Cedric on the strength of the coroner's jury's verdict.

"What's the idea?" asked Mervyn, lazily.

"The idea is what you yourself suggested, only carried out rather more promptly. At dusk to-morrow you must go to Vansittart's. He has half promised you the interview, and the sight of the jewels will confirm his purpose. When you have got him safe in a mesmeric trance, you will be able to let us in—me, Jock, and Gerald—I think that will be enough—and we will soon do the rest of the business. He will reveal the whereabouts of his disguise, and anything else you like to mention. We can secure and carry off the prisoners safely. When he comes to himself and finds the birds flown he can take what steps he pleases. The authorities will by that time have had due warning, and he will find himself in a very pleasant predicament. But I stipulate for the rescue of Cedric ourselves."

"I believe it will be safer and more expeditious," answered Mervyn. "At least, we can but try."

"Can you mesmerise him?" asked Maidie, with wide-open eyes; and Mervyn laughed a little.

"Yes, Miss Maidie; and I took that liberty once with you, and frightened the old villain pretty thoroughly by putting into your mouth a lie which I had not intended you to utter."

"Where shall we go?" asked the child, wistfully. "We shall have no home then."

"Our home and Corona's will be with me, dear," said Patricia, "until Gerald is married and needs no more shelter from me."

"And cannot he get us back?"

"I will take care of that," said Mervyn.

"And Cedric?"

"Cedric will come here," said the viscount, in the same tone of decisive way. "He will be here, unknown to all but ourselves, till our evidence has been thoroughly sifted by the authorities and his innocence proved. Then he can show himself to all the world as a free man, and can marry Corona as soon as the banns are out," and Mervyn smiled thoughtfully at her, as he and Patricia exchanged one short, eloquent glance.

"And now, Maidie," said Keith, "I am going to take you home, and superintend this climbing feat of yours. And if, when you are once safe inside, you find that anything has happened to precipitate matters, just let me know, and we will act accordingly. If all has been quiet, wait till to-morrow afternoon."

Maidie looked up gratefully.

"How kind you are! I was so afraid of going home alone. I thought I might meet him in the garden, and that he might kill me! Are you sure you don't mind?"

Keith laughed.

"I think we can brave the perils together. I will have a loaded revolver ready, as well as a stout stick. We will be a match for Mr. Vansittart yet!"

The child tried to laugh, but was too nervous to succeed entirely; kissing Patricia, and murmuring words of thanks to all, she let Keith take her by the hand and lead her quickly onwards through the darkness in the direction of the Panelled House.

The access to the upper window by means of the ivy branches and the rope was accomplished with more ease than Keith expected, for Maidie was an agile little climber. Once inside the window, she held a colloquy with someone inside, and then came and nodded vehemently to Keith, in token that all was right. The window was then shut down, and he stole away like a shadow.

CHAPTER XXXV.

VANQUISHED.

Mr. Vansittart sat in his study indulging pleasant dreams of the speedy accomplishment of his plans. It gave him a species of real enjoyment to picture to himself the way he was shortly going to achieve over both his obstinate prisoners upstairs.

He had changed somewhat his plan of action. He no longer placed any great value upon Cedric's document of renunciation. If he and Corona had met she would know too well the circumstances under which that renunciation was made to pay any heed to it; even the fact of her knowing him to be a prisoner there would make her the more obstinate. But another idea had come into his head, which pleased him better still. When her lover was reduced to the last gasps of starvation Corona should be brought to his bedside, and should be told there and then that unless she promised solemnly to become Vansittart's wife Cedric should be left to perish miserably. The price of his safety should be the hand of the heiress.

Under such circumstances he felt certain of victory. She would sacrifice herself to save Cedric. Mr. Vansittart would press for a speedy marriage by license, and any objection on her part would be met by the threat of going through the marriage process again. She would yield. He would marry her rapidly and secretly, and take her forthwith away with him to some distant region where, with her wealth and his spoil from Mrs. Musgrave, they would be able to live in luxury and peace. Maidie would be long gone by then, and seven years must elapse before she could claim her freedom. As for Cedric, he could be left for his sister to deal with. She would not care to release one who could put a halter round her brother's neck. For his own part he cared little. He should be far enough away from pursuit. Of course, it would seem better, he should not feel the least hesitancy in making away with him; but it might be just as well to leave him his liberty, and let the law do its work. With Vansittart gone, his take could never be proved, and could be as the wildest fabrication. Yes, it would be pleasant reading to some sunny land of the blest, where his grave had been apprehended, and had paid the penalty of his crime with his life.

Pleasant musings for a chilly afternoon! Mr. Vansittart was so deep in them that he did not hear a slight stir in the hall, and started at the sound of a low, laughed voice.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Vansittart. I thought I might do myself the satisfaction of calling upon you. I knew you were generally to be found at home at this hour, and I have an answer to my letter that you were willing to grant me an interview."

Pauline's sour face was seen in the doorway.

"Lord Mervyn would come in," she said, in a short incisive tone. "I told him I did not know if you would see him."

"I took my welcome for granted," answered Mervyn with a smile as he took a seat near the fire. "If not accorded to me, it will be, I feel certain, to what I have come to see. Besides I am still half an invalid, and I must ask leave to rest a little while before going home."

Pauline withdrew as a sign from her brother. Mr. Vansittart was sufficiently prepared for this visit to suspect nothing from it of a kind dangerous to himself. His thoughts were mainly occupied with wondering how to deal with this rather acute young man, so as to arouse his hopes of Corona's hand, and get him to leave the jewels in his power. He hoped to make away with them, and with the bride herself. He was anxious to propitiate him and keep him in a good humor, and did not mind entering into a discussion even of settlements.

"I hope you are better," he said courteously. "You do not look very strong yet."

"No, I cannot boast to be that; but I am getting on. I have cheated the doctors for once."

"And your cousin, too?" hazarded Mr. Vansittart with a gleam in his eyes.

Mervyn shook his head with an admirable air of careful consideration.

"Ah, poor fellow; it is better not to talk of him. At least I am glad he is beyond the clutch of the law."

"Of course you hear nothing from him?"

"No. He would naturally hesitate to write. His father feels it much."

"Of course! Of course!"

"I hope Miss St. Cyr has got over the first shock. I suppose it was a great blow to her!"

"It was; but she bore it very bravely. She is a good girl, and saw at once how hopeless it all was. But under the circumstances I have not liked to name openly to her your flattering proposals!"

"Of course not; I would not on any account have her pained. Time must be allowed to pass; but I wish to submit your proposals."

"I could not wish anything better for my ward," was the answer, and Vansittart's eyes fixed eagerly on the bag which Mervyn carried in his hand; but it was not Mervyn lately opened, and before very long the conversation died into deep silence. Mervyn had risen, and was fixing his glace upon his companion's face, and after one or two faint efforts to avoid his glance, Vansittart yielded to the spell, and in a few minutes later sat in rigid—motionless in his chair in a deep trance.

Then Mervyn stole to the door and opened it noiselessly, but quite as were his movements they seemed to be heard, for the dining-room door opened at the same moment, and Miss Vansittart looked out.

Mervyn never lost his head or failed to act with promptitude on an emergency. He stepped quietly up to her as if about to speak, pushed her back into the room with all possible gentleness, and before she had the least idea of his intention, had closed the door upon her and securely locked it, putting the key in his pocket.

Almost immediately a bell pealed furiously through the silent house; but the viscount only smiled as he crossed the hall and quietly opened it. Keith, Jock, and Gerald Richmond were waiting outside, as well as two great hounds, who could be counted on for any struggle, and keep their counsel afterwards.

"All right," said Mervyn, briefly, and led the way into the study, where the evil genius of these recent events was bound by a power he could neither feel, nor understand, nor resist.

"He is safe enough so long as I stay to watch him. You fellows go and see to things, Keith, you know the positions of the girls' rooms."

"I am not going to leave you alone with that devil," returned Keith, quietly. "If he were to awake and guess anything, he would kill you as soon as look at you," and taking some straps from his pocket, Keith bound Vansittart to his chair, and then led the way upstairs.

Maidie heard their steps.

"This way! this way!" they heard her clear young voice from behind the closed doors, and she beat her little hands against the panels, and danced in expectant ecstasy.

Another moment, and the bolts were shot back and the lock burst open, and Maidie was holding Keith's hands hard, looking into his face as if she hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry.

Corona was more composed as she came forward. Her face was pale, as if with watching and anxiety. Her first question was:

"Where is he?"

"Safe enough in his study, where he will remain at our pleasure. Miss St. Cyr, you have no cause for any further fear. You are no longer at the mercy of Vansittart. He shall never have you in his clutches again."

A sort of inarticulate gasp broke from her.

"Oh, I am so glad—so thankful!"

"Oh, but come to Cedric—come to Cedric," urged Maidie. "He is shut up all alone. He knows help is coming, but, oh, it must seem so long to him! Have you brought tools? Oh, thank you, Mr. Keith—you think of everything. Corona! Corona! Corona! They are going to get Cedric out!"

Maidie was almost wild. Corona trembled in every limb with excitement; the young men, in their own way, were as much excited.

"Quick, Maidie! show us the way!" cried Jock, and the next minute the whole party were out on the dark staircase, whilst the little girl cried delightedly.

"We need not put the boards back any more now, Corona!"

Jock was the first to dash upstairs, and when he could get no far her he gave a loud halloo.

"Cedric, old man!"

"Here I am! Is that you, Jock?"

"Yes, and other fellows too, come to dig you out of your living tomb. Are you all right?"

"Right as anything, and glad to hear a human voice again. Is Corona safe?"

"Quite safe, and safe enough, if old villain downstairs, who is going to have it made warm for him. Hand up the screwdriver, Keith! Let's have more lights! Gerald, you the old devil has done his work well. Never mind; we'll break the whole thing to pieces. We'll have no respect for his property!"

Crash! crash! rang blows of the three strong young men the nails gave way, and the screws were worked at by Maidie.

"Here we are," cried Jock at last, and, forcing his way in through a wide crevice that seemed hardly large enough for the purpose, he was followed in the moment by two faces, wringing each other by the hand, and hardly knowing how to express their congratulation and joy.

"Cedric, old man!"

"Jock, my dear boy!" And then they shook hands again, and Jock burst into a wild laugh.

"Well, Cedric," said Keith, coming forward, "after all the perils to which you have been exposed, I think your looks are a credit to you."

For Cedric was up and dressed, and looked almost himself again. Excitement had given him both color and spirit, and he had not suffered no privation during the hours he had been fastened in. Only anxiety of mind had troubled him, and even that had almost passed when the result of Maidie's last night's escapade had been communicated to him. So long as the outside world had been warned of the peril in which he stood, he felt certain of rescue; and even if peril from without menaced him later, he would face it boldly, and disprove the charge laid to his door. He knew that there was a party still in his favor, and that it numbered Mervyn in its ranks, he had felt confident of success. He looked round some expectantly now, even though Corona stood at his side.

"Where is Mervyn?"

"Downstairs, keeping the enemy at bay."

"You have not left him alone with Vansittart!"

"You had better come and see the ogre tamed."

Cedric looked round upon the little bare attics and stretched his big limbs.

"Am I really free at last?"

"Free as air, my boy. At least you soon will be. Free of this place, at least; and very soon free to do what you will. What a hero you will be! People won't know how to make enough of you! It makes a fellow quite wish it had happened to him!"

Cedric smiled slightly.

"You are welcome to the experience as far as I am concerned. I should not crave to repeat it."

"Let us come down now," said Gerald, "Mervyn ought to have a share in all this. He could not venture up these staircases! We cannot come through your private way, Miss St. Cyr."

"Yes; it goes right down to his library. I think I could find the spring if we went that way. I saw him open it once."

They followed her down. With a little difficulty she unlocked the masked door in the panelled wall, and they all stood in the dark library. A ray of light beneath the door—for it was almost dark by this time—guided them to the study door, and the next minute Mervyn and Cedric stood face to face. Corona looking on with shining eyes, and Maidie dancing round like a delighted sprite.

"Oh, Corona, Corona, I always said that he would be saved if only Lord Mervyn would help."

Mr. Vansittart was just as before, in the strange sleep of the mesmeric subject. The girls looked at him now with awe, as they realized the silent presence of their captive and tyrant.

"Can't he hear! Doesn't he know?" whispered Maidie, fearfully; and whilst Mervyn reassured her an exclamation from Keith startled them all.

"The moleskin cap, I declare!—and the whole disguise!—and, yes, so it is, a knife the very counterpart of Cedric's."

"Yes," answered Mervyn, quietly, "I have had a little quiet conversation with Mr. Vansittart, in which he has supplied me with a good deal of valuable information. We will take these things away with us, Keith, and think it is time to be gone. Take the girls to the carriage, and come back for me last of all."

"Shall we do anything with this?"

"I think not. I never feel entirely at ease in making use of this power of mine to drag out other people's secrets, but in such a case one was driven to extreme measures. We have all we need now to clear Cedric. If he chooses and sees fitting to sit up with him, let him have just one night to enjoy his freedom. It may be a weakness on my part, but, as I say, I feel indisposed to push matters to a climax, little as he deserves mercy."

"Oh, let us leave him and come away," said Corona. "Lord Mervyn is always kind and gentle, and Cedric is good and free, too, if I can get him to come! I believe Mr. Vansittart would half-kill him if he suspected him, as he very likely may."

"Never will we law to Cedric, and he had a grateful enough memory of the services rendered him by the deaf mute. Maidie found her voice at these words, but in such a case one was driven to extreme measures. We have all we need now to clear Cedric. If he chooses and sees fitting to sit up with him, let him have just one night to enjoy his freedom. It may be a weakness on my part, but, as I say, I feel indisposed to push matters to a climax, little as he deserves mercy."

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The Woman of Thirty.

To have arrived at the age of thirty, for an unmarried woman, is to have reached a peculiar period of her life. One talks of budding womanhood, but one thinks only of budding middle age. It is an awful thing to know it is middle age and that there is no escape from it. Girlhood lies just a little way back to you, but it seems to be located somewhere in the remote ages for other people. Friends of your youth, who have always seemed old to you—say to you now: "Women like us." Old men of the stock-in-trade variety, whom you have ridiculed—they made you feel so young and foolish—salute you now with great respect. You are not young enough to be flattered, but yet old enough to be admired as a "blanked fine woman." Very young men flight shy of you, ask you uncomfortable questions about their sisters, or make you feel like your own grandmother by asking your advice about their love affairs.

Then the question of marriage. You are told by married aunts you are "lucky out of it." By anxious grandmas: "When they were your age, they had had eight offers, and had been married and raised a family." You remember a portrait of grandma taken at the age of thirty, and you wonder if you had done your duty and married Tom Smith, who had wooed and wooed it, if you, too, would have that sleek expression of satisfaction, that sort of a "raised a family" look about you. And the bachelor uncle of the family declares you are "just the right age to marry"; further, that "no woman is really a companion to a man until she has gotten over the girlish notion and becomes a woman of sense," and then he invites your younger sister to the opera, and talks the next morning of the "keen appreciation of seeing through young eyes—nothing like fresh young innocence."

No use in protesting, you are perfectly happy as you are. No one believes you, and your best friend throws an amused, "sour-grapes" look at you when you declare "you are happy in being your own mistress, and wouldn't exchange your lot with any married woman on earth." No doubt you do mean it. You may be one of those fortunate, broad-minded, deep-natured women, who would not be happy tied down to the annoying, monotonous duties of married life. Your life may be full, sweet, satisfying, wholly taken up with books, music, art, friends—everything that goes to make life worth living; but you may be sure that the most bedraggled, fagged out married female of your acquaintance—though she may in her heart envy your freshness, your leisure—has a secret contempt for you. To her mind you have been "left" in the race of life. To her, not to be married is something to be ashamed of; for there are women who, to escape the "disgrace of being old maids," would, as they frankly say, "marry monkeys."

Perhaps, on the other hand, you would be happier married. Hard, stern duty toward some younger one may have absorbed all your youth, or you may have viewed matrimony with the eyes of sentiment and not from a worldly point of view, and so missed your chances. Your life seems very bare and cold to you as you look forward to the future. You see visions of flat waisted, thin faced old maids tolerated in the houses of jovial married sisters, for their knowledge of housekeeping or staving qualities in the sick room.

You, poor, lonesome soul, you try to make a favorite of some little niece or nephew. You are getting quite happy over your success, you feel sure the child loves you, you have almost cheated yourself into forgetting, that to drink in its innocent expressions of love as a desert traveler drinks from some sparkling little brook, but your heart gives one bounding bound as the child turns from you willingly—gladly—and cuddles down in the arms of "mother." Your whole nature is aroused in passionate protest; this very mother may be careless and unworthy of her blessings, while you would forfeit years of life to have that dear little face turn to you with that look of love in the baby eyes.

How sensitive you become to every look. The thoughtless chaffing of your friends is bringing two fine, little lines about your mouth. You have smiled that scornful "don't care" smile so often that the lines have come to stay. The familiar term "old girl," used by your brother since you were children almost, has an ominous sound in your ears now, and you find yourself glancing quickly to discover if there is a laugh in his eyes.

How slowly you give up, fighting at every step, until the disappointments, the heartaches, the helplessness of your fate, give an anxious look to your eyes, bring a sharp tone to your voice, and you realize that, unwillingly, you are being chiseled into a different mold by the relentless sculptor Time, that you will soon be ready to be placed in your niche—An Old Maid.

But to the woman who has not realized that time was flying, whose years have gone by so pleasantly, each one so full of joy that she has simply danced through them without thought—to this woman the sudden realization of girlhood gone and womanhood staring her in the face is a sudden shock. It may come in some very simple way. Mother may say to you:

"Don't you think, dear, the spring gown you have planned is rather girlish; rather more suited to Maud, now? Something in sober, quiet tones? You never used to care, but now you seem to be very nervously dread, yet long, to go up to the mirror. You feel sure crow's-feet and whitened locks will stare you in the face, and when at last you do gather courage and glance at yourself, you are immeasurably relieved to find yourself looking about the same as usual. You hurriedly hunt out a half-forgotten photograph, taken years ago, with flowing hair. It is a few minutes' work to loosen your hair into some resemblance of this, and you stand at gazing at the two pictures.

There is a difference. You see it at a glance, without knowing exactly where it is; but you suddenly decide that your hair hanging is not becoming, and gather it into a great knot on top of your head. "What right have you to anything girlish?" you ask yourself sternly. A sudden dislike to the soft-hued dress you are wearing makes you change it for your dressing-gown, and then begins the despoliation of your irish room.

"What shall have it all!" you decide, passionately. The contents of dressing-table, bureau drawers, and closets are ransacked, and every bright ribbon, youthful ornament, and frivolous belonging is consigned to the funeral pile of your youth, on the bed. A rebellious sob gathers in your throat, a lonesome feeling tugs at your heart-strings, but you keep bravely on until you come to the little desk. Here, hidden away, are all the relics of your youth. Schoolgirl letters, tenances of your youth. Schoolgirl letters, tenant notes, separate budgets of sentiment, all are looked over and relentlessly dropped into the fire, until you sit with empty desk and one little pile of letters in your lap.

You do not read these over. You know them all word for word, though years have gone by since you received them, and your sorrow has softened into a tender reminiscence. At any other time but this, you might have thought, in your secret soul, that after all it was rather a poor little romance; but now—it assumes the dignity of *la grande passion* of your life! "The future does not hold anything for you now—you tell yourself, morbidly, and at this thought you break down and cry.

The reaction sets in from that moment. With your head hidden down there in the dark, new thoughts come thronging in. Is life over for you? Because you have left the nervous, shallow, restless enjoyments of girlhood behind you, is there nothing left? Some half-remembered quoted lines come back to you: "The gracious sweetness of a full-blown rose." You scarcely knew what they at the time, but now they ring in your ears like a glad song. How absurdly you have been acting—you fairly blush for yourself at the thought. You will go to bed a sweet, and wake up in the morning as limp and spiritless as a muslin dress in a thunder shower, and with a feeling of "I don't care whether school keeps or not, all over you.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Of Good Family.

Mary Ann McCracken (just discharged for cause)—Go away, is it? Deed an' I will not. The wash as much mine as yours, an' I'll say till I give yer new gir-r-l the character of th' house, and tell her what foine folks yez are!—*Puck.*

A Bad Cold.

A man with a "bad cold" is an object of sympathy.

All right-minded Christians will feel for him, no matter how ridiculous his swelled and shiny nose may look, and without regard to the fact that his voice is as inaudible and maudlin as that of a regular-bred whisky bibber.

Nobody with the least portion of the milk of human kindness in his breast would laugh at his watery eyes or make unkind remarks when he blows his nose.

Everybody is liable to have a "bad cold."

The rich man as well as the poor man has to succumb to its baleful influence; and not all the money of the proudest millionaire in the land can purchase his exemption from it. And if it is any satisfaction to the laborer or capitalist to know that the Rothschilds, and the Vanderbilts, and Jay Gould, and Ward McAllister, and Queen Victoria have noses as red and troublesome, when they have colds, as their brethren lower down in the scale of wealth and power, then they can have that satisfaction.

A cold in the head generally begins in sneezing.

You think if you could only sneeze, you should be relieved from that uneasy tickling in the nose and that heavy feeling in the head.

You go to the window, and you look at the sun, and you squint your eyes, and hold your breath, and then the coveted sneeze comes—first one, then two, and then half-a-dozen in rapid succession.

Then your handkerchief comes into play, and for about five minutes you feel better. You retire to the fireside, and put on more wood, or coal, and wonder what does make it so cold this time of year.

By and by there is a "tight" feeling about your throat and head; every tooth in your jaws seems to have started out a little, and it appears to you that it would be a positive relief to take a mallet and drive them back into their places again.

There is a sensation down your back as if a mouse with very cold feet were chasing another mouse with still colder feet, just on the line of your spinal column, and a good fire is the only thing on earth you especially care for.

Food you do not want, and herb tea is always the next thing to total despair and misery. Handkerchiefs are in demand, and a half-dozen in a day is a very moderate allowance. Blow, blow, is the order of the day, to say nothing of the order of the night.

You feel cross all over. You wish folks would look at you.

You are drowsy, and you want your feet on the fender, and a blanket over your shoulders. Your tongue has grown a little furrier. Your eyes are so weak you can hardly hold them open. Your head feels as if a tenpenny nail, steam-engine had been established therein, and was in operation with all the steam on. Every hair on your cranium is sore—that is, if you do not wear a wig. Your limbs ache, and you do not wear a wig. Your joints grown with old rheumatic twinge in your joints grown painfully troublesome.

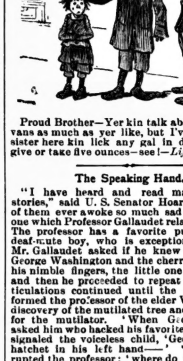
You huddle up in your chair, and snuff hartshorn, and burn vinegar on a hot shovel, and bathe your sore throat in alcohol.

If you happen to be married, and have no regard for the feelings and the affections of those around you, you descend to the degradation of eating onions stewed in sugar, or molasses, with poultices of the same aromatic vegetable on your chest.

All your friends laugh at you and your woeful air, and tell you not to make such a dreadful fuss about a little cold.

They tell you it's the fashion to have a cold; and then they quote that abominably trite saying, which seems to work in on every occasion, "One night as well be out of the world as out of fashion," and then they hasten to tell you about their colds, and the colds of their children, and their neighbors—and so on—ah, you know just how it is. And before they get ready to stop, you feel as if you could strangle the whole lot of them without a throb of compunction.

That night you take a sweat, and wake up in the morning as limp and spiritless as a muslin dress in a thunder shower, and with a feeling of "I don't care whether school keeps or not, all over you.—*N. Y. Weekly.*



Proud Brother—Yer kin talk about yer Sullivans as much as yer like, but I've got a little sister here kin lick any gal in de sixt' ward, give or take five ounces—see!—*Life.*

The Speaking Hand.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said U. S. Senator Hoar, "but none of them ever awoke so much of sympathy as one which Professor Gallaudet related recently. The professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf-mute boy, who is exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers, the little one said he did, and then he proceeded to repeat it. The gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry-tree,' signaled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand.' 'Stop, interrupted the professor; 'where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?' 'Why,' responded the boy, who knew nothing of speech, 'he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree.'—*Argonaut.*

No Getting Ahead of Him.

Mr. Koenig, an epicurean smoker, was traveling on the railway with a passenger from Berlin who was smoking a horrid cigar. As all hints and signs proved unavailing, Mr. Koenig had recourse to an often tried experiment. Rising from his seat he politely said: "Will you allow me to open the window?" At the same time he "quite accidentally" brushed against the hand of his fellow passenger, causing him to drop his cigar. Mr. Koenig had the additional misfortune to step on it, and said, in alarm: "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons. Allow me to offer you one of mine, they are not half bad." "With your kind permission," answered the Berliner, quite pleased. He took three cigars out of the cave presented to him, and put them into his pocket, saying: "These are a first-rate brand; I'll smoke 'em on Sundays." And with that he proceeded to light another of his own.

Good Old Family.

Richfello—That Miss Forundred belongs to the blue bloods, doesn't she?

Rival Belle—Yes, indeed. You just ought to see her nose on a cold day.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Not a Millionaire.

George—Chapley is one of those fellows who have more money than brains, isn't he?

Jessie—Yes; and he is not rich, either.—*Harper's Bazar.*

His Reserve Fund.

Mrs. Hicks—I've just read of a poor fellow by the name of Cloud who killed himself for the lack of a few dollars.

Hicks—Why didn't he use his silver lining?—*Harper's Bazar.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" Saturday Night Office.]

Leah—You are kind-hearted, decisive, energetic, self-reliant and brave.

Dorothy Gray—You are sincere, very tender-hearted, generous and a little vain.

Poppy—This shows humor, candor, an attractive cheerfulness and steady ambition.

Sadie T.—Practical, a little vain, somewhat self-esteeming but kind-hearted and just.

A. T. Reynear—This writing displays energy, unselfishness, justice, candor and careless ness.

Graphologist.—You are methodical, witty, original, ambitious, egotistic, self-reliant and jovial.

Jo Neal—This indicates good order, refinement of nature, resolution, ambition and self-esteem.

Margaret S.—The writer of this is reserved but warm-hearted, sensitive and vacillating in disposition.

Tar.—This shows order, activity, a very sympathetic and affectionate disposition, with a lack of decision.

Laura.—You are ambitious, fond of social life, energetic, of somewhat captious temper and rather erratic.

Kinnerath.—The acid will impoverish the blood and tend to make your nature an unhealthy yellow tinge.

Agnes.—I am afraid you are a little vain, Agnes, fairly self-reliant, independent in thought and warm-hearted.

Eric.—You are probably methodical, a little conservable, quick of speech, dexterous of hand and fond of flattery.

Marion.—This points to decision, a fondness for luxury, an appreciation of the picturesque, strong self-reliance and fair order.

Raven.—1. On the outside. 2. You are fairly methodical, impulsive, active, a little suspicious, truthful and unselfish.

Mabel.—This writing shows ambition, but a lack of determination, some vanity, a little selfishness and fondness for luxury.

Hilda.—You are sympathetic, sensitive and refined in thought. I see also flippancy and a lack of perseverance and enduring power.

Kathleen Mavourneen.—Method, honesty of purpose, animality and a fondness for the picturesque are noticeable in your writing.

Effie.—This writing indicates energy, tact and resolution, considerable tendency to jealousy, a hasty temper, and a great deal of ingenuity.

R. N. A. A.—This indicates a moderate amount of self-esteem, some hauteur, good executive ability, some sympathy, unselfishness and order.

Lute.—Thank you for the kind wishes. Indeed, it is not too late. Your writing displays self-reliance, self-will, cheerfulness, energy and mirth.

Tamara.—The story has not, I think, been issued in book form. Your writing exhibits truth, some carelessness, love of approbation, candor and cordiality.

Rosie.—You are generous, fun-loving, occasionally captious in temper, very cheerful and persevering. I am glad that you thought the previous delineation correct.

Orange.—This writing indicates much vitality, thoughtful powers of endurance, conscientiousness and candor. You were not fortunate in disguising your handwriting.

Lucomio Water.—Your story has been accepted with thanks. It appears in this issue. I am very glad that you were satisfied with the character delineation regarding the photograph.

Dreamy Chuck.—1. Three months. 2. The heavy mode of writing shows vitality, energy. 3. Without a doubt decision, contentment, warmth of temper, fair method and mental activity.

Chloe.—You are sincere, even-tempered, rather indecisive, merry and sensitive. I do not know what you have read about. Write and tell me and I will advise you to the best of my ability.

Careful Reader.—The enclosed shows distaste for display, good executive ability, good order and delicacy of thought. Yours displays method, self-esteem, unswerving perseverance, much warmth of feeling, tact and generosity.

Hilda.—Your handwriting shows much perseverance, strong inclination to keep still. You had better do as your mother says, and still I must confess I cannot see any reason why you should not be married. Of course, I shall be pleased to have you write at any time.

Evelyn.—I am very glad that your friend's writing was so successful. I am pleased. 2 Perhaps I shall some day when I get all those hundred and fifty waiting letters answered. This indicates considerable imagination, good order, determination, uprightness and originality.

Star.—We are totally distinct! I do assure you. I shall be very pleased to aid you if I can. Keep your nose off *plume* is writing again, so I may remember you. You are probably very ambitious, merry, pushing, warm-hearted, over sensitive and a little too careless. The enclosed coincides with yours.

Fiona.—If I were able to tell you all that you have asked, I think I should, even in this enlightened age, be put to death as a witch. You cannot expect me to know these things. It your writing is a true index of characteristics, and here they are: flippancy, obstinacy, affectionate disposition, lack of caution, and self-control.

B Flat.—If your teacher does not object, it will be good practice, but he will know if your voice is in danger of being strained. 2. It is so long since that I cannot find the page, but, and I know the same, you will know which you refer. Your writing shows lack of order, good powers of endurance, fair originality and a good deal of activity.

Ada.—I shall be pleased to have you write again. I am afraid I do not exactly understand the trouble with your eyes. Is it the same as that which troubled me? It is fluxes! For an inflammation, caused by wind or overwork, I can recommend a syrup made by dissolving a few teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar in a little water. It will smart when first applied, but is an excellent lotion and a most effective one. I am sorry about the trait of character which you bemoan. But then, you know, we all have it more or less.

Mayer.—The lady's arm rests on his and his hand holds hers. Strong makers do not cross the t's, but that method does give more support. 2. You merely accept his attention. There is no need to say anything, though the conventional "with pleasure" will fit in. If you cannot, or do not wish to, merely excuse yourself. 3. No. 4. No. 5. Perhaps gentlemen will agree with your hands. If it does we it with rose-water, and if you have the water for bathing your hands and face a little warm, using almond meal in place of soap, I think you will experience no further difficulty. Wash your hair in tepid water in which a very little borax has been dissolved. Your writing shows impulse, originality, self esteem, generosity, self-will and a hasty temper.

Hope and Anthem.—I think you are a very brave little girl to study so hard and aim so high in your profession if my wishing you success would bring it, you would have full measure. Be careful about the photographs. It is silly to be too rigid, but be very womanly and you cannot go far astray in that direction. I am very glad you enjoy the column so well, and I shall be pleased to have you write again. 3. I am afraid I cannot advise anything for the skin except fresh air, exercise diet and an abundance of cold water and friction. 4. Have a pretty shade of heliotrope or dull pink for a fine wool stuff. Make the skirt plain in front with a double plait at the left side, and a slight fullness at the back. The sleeves of the bodice may be fallie in the same shade, and a fichine of fallie about the edge of the corsage which folds over in kerchief fashion. Wear a sash belt of fallie, fastened with a pretty buckle and set with a strip of gold beads at your throat. 5. Your writing displays ingenuity, some petulance, a great deal of impulse and activity, generosity and jealousy.

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Merchant—That shows how little you know about store keeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Washington's Eyes.

Small Boy—Mamma, was General Washington blind?

Mamma—Of course not. Where did you get that idea?

Small Boy—Nurse took me to th' Old Ladies' Home to-day, and showed me a woman that he kissed.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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Matrimonial Item.

"What's the matter here?" asked a stranger of a small boy, as he noticed a large wedding party coming out of a church on Fifth avenue. "Nawthin' but the tied goin' out," was the reply.—*Texas Siftings.*

Somewhat Mouldy.

Greene—Gibson is fond of ventilating his opinions, isn't he?

White—Yes, and the Lord knows most of 'em need it!—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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The Marriage Idiot.

James Payn writes: The reason why "marriage is declining its popularity and beginning to die out" is, it seems—if we are to believe a writer in a well-known social review—because of the progress of Culture. "This creates, emphasises, and sensitivises individuality, and becomes the parent of a critical fastidiousness"—but of nothing else. In other words, the egotistic idiot thus described seems to have just sense enough to see the advisability of not perpetuating his species. As "he can only set store upon a companion who is capable of appreciating fresh and spontaneous thought," his area of matrimonial choice is limited, and he does not marry. Let us thank Heaven for that, whatever be his reason, though the idea of freshness and spontaneity being associated with a prig of this kind is humorous indeed. He is not even a self-made man; he is made out of materials stolen from other people, and is at best but a species of tailor-made Guy Fawkes. We are told "he pines for a luminous sympathy," by which, perhaps, is meant the fireworks. What possible effect he can have on the matrimonial question at large it is difficult to understand, since there are surely only a very few of such creatures.

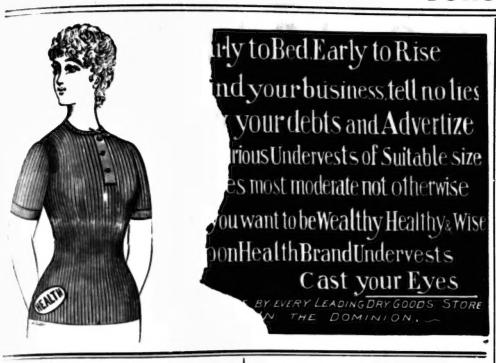
The Unhappy Pastor.

A pastor, who has "been there" and knows all about it, says that many churches treat a pastor as people treat a cat. When they are calling him, it is, "Come, pussy! come, pussy!" For a time after he is settled, and while all hope to use him for their own purposes, they stroke him and say, "Good pussy! nice pussy!" And after they tire of him they say, "Scat!" and away he must go to fresh fields and pastures new.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Uses of Society.

Maiden—It seems to me society is useful only to people who want to get married.

Matron—You mistake, my dear. It is equally useful to people who are married and want to forget it.—*N. Y. Weekly.*



Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

G. Elgie, Miss Capon, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Baker, Mr. W. H. P. Weston, Miss Ranney, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hasket, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sparrow, Miss Katie Sparrow, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Foster, Mr. A. H. Mason, Miss Graham of Owen Sound, Mr. D. B. Jacques, Miss Brown, Mr. J. D. Kelly, Miss Yeomans, Mr. R. B. Elgie, Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich, Mr. A. E. and Miss Bell, Mr. E. G. Hachborn, Mr. and Mrs. Symington, Mr. J. M. and Mrs. Skaith, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Pender, Mr. Lou McBrien, Mr. H. C. Sheveard, Mr. Sherlock-Hubbard, Miss Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cox, Mr. Harry York, Miss C. M. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bingham, Mr. T. Foy, Miss Florrie E. Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Cougher, Dr. and Mrs. King, and the Misses King, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Higman, Miss Higman, Mr. and Mrs. Boon, Mr. Will St. Croix, Miss Peters, Mr. F. W. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. William Stone, Miss Vansickle of Barrie, Mr. F. and Miss C. Strowger, Mr. James and Miss G. Jephcott, Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn Byron, Mr. L. N. Vanstone, Miss Burns, Mr. John Kay, Mr. R. J. and Miss Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. O'Malley, Mr. R. A. Shutt, Miss Piddington, Mr. W. G. and Miss Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Robins, Miss Robins, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hoar, Mr. Kirk L. Perry, Miss Davidson, Miss Pearsoll, Mr. G. F. Anderson, Mr. G. W. Stewart, Miss B. Wynn, Mr. D. B. Ward, Miss M. Wynn, Miss B. Colby, Mr. W. E. and Miss Brown John, Mr. James Litster, Miss Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Dignum, Mr. W. C. Smith, Mr. W. Lawson, Miss Forest of Markham, Mr. A. G. Malcolm, Mr. Harry McCuaig, Mr. Harry Kitson, Mr. S.E. Cunningham, Miss L. Claxton, Mr. F. J. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Young, Mr. W. Bizzell, Miss G. Wynn, Mr. John Pearson, Mr. W. S. Ziller, Mr. R. Holmes, Miss Gussie McEachren, Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury Finch, Mr. W. H. Leeson, Miss M. A. Platts, Miss McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Clark, Mr. George Marshall, Mr. Thomas W. Copp, Miss Robertson, Mr. R. W. McClain, Mr. J. Applegath, Miss Jackman, the Misses Barley, Mr. J. Massie, Miss Ella Scrimger, Mr. John F. Gray, Miss M. Platts, Mr. Seymour Corley, Miss Stanbury, Mr. F. J. and Miss Whatmough, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Murdock, Mr. J. E. McClung, Mr. Fred Thomas, Miss M. Stuart. Miss Seymour of St. Catharines, Miss N. Spence.

•

Mrs. Beckitt, who has been the guest of her father and mother at Chesnut Park, has returned to her home in Quebec.

•

Mr. J. G. Carter Troop will, on February 17, deliver a lecture in St. George's church schoolhouse on Lord Beaconsfield.

•

Mr. F. P. Birley's male employees presented him the other day with a gold headed cane. The gift was to mark their esteem, and to commemorate the tenth year of his proprietorship.

•

Mrs. Charles Millar of Brantford is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Walker, on College street.

•

Mr. Ernest McConkey has just returned from California, where he has been traveling for the past two months for his health.

•

On Friday of last week a pretty wedding took place at Sherbourne street Methodist church, when Myra, the only daughter of Rev. E. A. Stafford, the pastor, was married to Mr. Arthur H. Thompson. The bride wore a graceful gown of white faille, with feather trimmings. Her bridesmaid, Miss Byckman, and a tiny maid of honor, Miss Gladys Thompson, were garbed in yellow, and two little pages in Fauntleroy suits were also in attendance. A reception was held in the church parlors, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson received the warm congratulations of their numerous friends.

•

The Maritana Club will hold their second annual At Home in Webb's Parlors, on February 27.

•

A very successful At Home was held on Tuesday evening last by the Young People's Association of the Church of the Redeemer, in the school house of the church. A very large audience was present. Rev. Mr. Jones, Rev. Mr. Kuhring, Mrs. Garritt, Miss Wright, Miss Dick, Miss Symons, Miss Kleiser, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Barber, Mr. Stewart, and an octette from the Osgoode Hall Glee Club, contributed to a very excellent programme.

Choosing a Trade.

Modern Girl—Father, I long to be independent—in reply upon my own exertions for support. What trade or profession would you recommend?

Wise Father—First-class cooks make five thousand dollars a year.

Modern Girl—I don't like cooking. It's too feminine.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

He had a Bill.

First Swell—Here comes Lunncut, the tailor. He looks as if he intended to speak to us.

Second Swell (nervously)—Let's turn into this side street and hide in some alley-way. I—I don't like to associate with people in trade.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

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February Bargains--Curling Tongs, 7c; Eddy's Matches, 9c a box; 60 ft. Clothes Lines, 10c; 25c Sleighs for 16c, and 75c Sleighs for 34c; 10,000 Sponges from 1c each up to 35c, worth from 5c to $1. Our Wooden Room is very attractive at our prices. Rattler Zinc Wash Board, 10c; Tubs, 55c, 69c and 84c for the three sizes. Self-wringing Mops, 40c, worth 75c. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

The Carleton Opera Company.

That there is an uncommon interest in the engagement of W. T. Carleton's Opera Company at the Grand Opera House next week is conclusively shown by the sale of seats. This is not surprising to the observant, who have always seen meritorious attractions properly supported, and it evinces already that the fine artistic work of the Carleton company on its former visits is remembered and a repetition of it is expected with confidence. Mr. Carleton, it is reported, is in better voice than he has been in for several years past, and has in the three operas he will give here, his three favorite *roles* in comic and romantic opera. He has sung the *role* of Marquis d'Aubique, which he created at the original production of the opera at the New York Casino seven years ago, over three thousand times. The members of his company were especially engaged for their respective *roles* in these three operas, while the chorus is, of course, still that characteristic Carleton chorus—as one vast instrument played upon by master hands. Nanon will be given on Monday and Wednesday matinee. The Queen's Lace Handkerchief will be given on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and Claude Duval on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Saturday matinee.

Old Parkrich—Should I let you have my daughter, do you think you are able to keep her, sir?

Young Man (doubtfully)—I'll do all I can, sir; but you know this is Chicago.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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Presenting a repertoire of the latest OPERA COMIQUE SUCCESSES

Monday Evening and Wednesday Matinee | NANON

Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings | The Queen's Lace Handkerchief

Thursday, Friday and Saturday Evenings and Saturday Matinee | CLAUDE DUVAL

An Excellent Company and Strong Chorus. The Mos Complete Organization Traveling.

No advance in prices. Box plan now open.

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AT THE AUDITORIUM (Shaftesbury Hall)

50c.—Reserved seats to Main Floor and Balcony.
25c.—General admission to Gallery.

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First Grand Concert of the Season

BY THE

HEINTZMAN BAND

Under the direction of Mr. HERBERT L. CLARKE, in the

Pavilion, Thursday Evening, Feb. 19

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. FRANK MACKELCAN, Contralto, of Hamilton, and Miss MINNIE GAYLORD, Soprano, of Lincoln, Neb.
Mr. E. W. SCHUCH, Baritone.
Mr. REIMER, Tenor.
Mr. W. E. RAMSAY, Humorist.

Plan opens at Heintzman's, 117 King Street West, on Monday, February 16.

A Crushed Husband.

Heiress—And you are sure you are marrying me for myself alone?

Binks—Can you ask?

Heiress—My wealth counts nothing to you?

Binks—Nothing.

Heiress—Then we can be all in all to each other. I have just given the whole of my million to the Home for Pauper Lunatics.

Whither Binks was taken shortly afterward.

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Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

The Grand Opera House presented a very gay appearance on Friday evening of last week with its festoons of flags and flowers intermingled with many artistic shades of bunting, the occasion being the Bachelors' ball, the first one given in three years, and although a long time has passed everyone had visions of former balls given under the same auspices and knew that they would be sure to have a charming time. The stewards were Messrs. Burns, Dewar, Gates, Gausby, Harvey, Hobson, J. W. Hendrie, W. Hendrie, jr., R. H. Labatt, M. Young, jr. The patronesses were Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Findlay, Mrs. Hobson, Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. Leggat, Mrs. Lottridge, Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Ridley and Mrs. Roach. A word must be said for the secretary, who performed his difficult task in a manner that delighted everyone. The gowns were all beautiful, and among the many dancers I noticed Mrs. Barwick of Toronto, in grey silk with feather trimmings of the same shade; Mrs. F. Mackelcan in apple green silk with pink and green brocade, caught up with pink rosebuds; Mrs. Osborne of Brantford wore cream silk with gold; Mrs. Hendrie, sage green brocade with black feathers; Miss A. Hendrie, yellow and pale blue silk with forget-me-nots in hair; Mrs. Thomson, pale pink silk with olive green velvet; Miss Dewar, white brocade with gold and white gauze; Miss A. Dewar, pink and gold gauze; Mrs. MacCualg of Woodstock, yellow *crepe de chine*; Mrs. Sheldon Fuller of Woodstock, white silk with lace and feather trimming; Miss Pattullo of Woodstock, nile green silk; Mrs. Skinner, white brocade; Miss Leggat, pink silk and tulle; Miss Roach, nile green crepe; Miss Bella Roach, white and silver *crepe de chine*; Miss Crompton of Brantford, mauve crepe and silk; Miss Dunlop, cream silk; Miss Coldham, gray and silver; Miss Sinclair, white; Mrs. Billings, pink velvet with crimson; Miss Billings, black lace; Mrs. Burton, black net and gray silk; Mrs. Leggat, amethyst velvet; Mrs. P. D. Crerar, black lace; Miss Ridley, black net; Miss Gartshore, buttercup tulle with buttercups; Miss Walker, buttercup silk; Miss Sybil Seymour of Toronto, white silk and yellow; Miss Violet Seymour of Toronto, pale blue silk; Miss Spratt, mauve silk and gold; Miss Bruce, pale pink silk; Miss May Walker, rose silk with beaded passementerie; Mrs. Robert Morris, *eau de nil*, with violets and mauve ribbons; Miss Carpenter, in mauve crepe; Miss MacGiverin, black lace and jet; Miss Saunders of Guelph, white; Mrs. Wanzer, black lace and steel trimmings; Miss E. Watson, white silk and tulle; Miss Briggs, white; Miss A. Hobson, yellow satin; Miss Totten of Woodstock, *eau de nil* tulle.

Mrs. Hendrie gave a delightful tea the day of the ball, to her many friends.

Mrs. MacCualg of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Clinch, Robinson street.

Mrs. Bruce gave a charming dinner on Tuesday evening.

The Misses Seymour of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. Bruce of Duke street.

Miss Walker of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Osborne of Herkimer street.

Mrs. Pattullo of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Frank Mackelcan.

Among the many male visitors at the ball were Messrs. Kortright and MacCarthy of Barrie, Messrs. Matthews, Montizambert, Morrison, Wyatt, Michie, Douglas, Small and MacGiverin of Toronto, Messrs. Hardy, Gould, Kitmaster, Thomson of Brantford, Messrs. Dumoulin and Barnard of Woodstock and Messrs. Perkins and Whitney of Rochester.

Miss Wood of Millbrook is the guest of Miss Bell of Hannah street.

Senator Sanford has returned from England.

Miss Minnie Wood of James street south gave a delightful luncheon on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Hope entertained a few friends at dinner on Friday of last week.

Among the Hamiltonians present at the Yatch Club Ball in Toronto were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton, Miss A. Hendrie, Miss Sinclair, Miss Martin, Messrs. Ricketts and Osborne.

Mrs. Leggat entertained friends to dinner on Tuesday evening.

Miss Madeline Bell gave a charming tea on Thursday of last week in honor of her guest Miss Woods.

Miss Coldham of Toledo has left for Woodstock, after spending a few weeks here.

Mrs. Harvey gave a charming dinner on Thursday evening.

Prof. Baumanns concert in Association Hall was a success in every sense of the word, the artists being Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Alexander of Toronto and Mr. George Fox, violinist. The hall was crowded to the doors. Mrs Caldwell who was even a greater favorite then ever, sang her numbers with her usual sweetness and wonderful execution which has made her Canada's star. Miss Alexander has not appeared here often and I think most of the audience had not had the pleasure of listening to her before, and she fairly won the hearts of all present with her charming recitations, especially the Royal Bowman. Mr. Fox is well known and nothing need be said except he played in excellent style, as he always does. Prof Baumann is to be congratulated on bringing us such exquisite talent.

Mrs. Caldwell was the guest of Mrs. A. Woolverton of James street.

Miss Alexander visited Mrs. Aldous.

Mrs. George Hamilton has left on a few weeks' visit to Washington and New York.

SYLVIA.

Our readers who are afflicted with deafness should not fail to write to Dr. A. Fontaine, 34 West 14th street, New York City, for his circulars giving affidavits and testimonials of wonderful cures from prominent people. The doctor is an aurist of world-wide reputation. See his advertisement elsewhere.

Some Objections.

"I envy your husband's jolly way. He is always laughing," said Mrs. Binks.

"Well, it has its drawbacks," returned the other. "John laughs so much I can't keep buttons on his vests."—*Harper's Bazar.*

MEDICAL.

DR. SPILSBURY has removed to 210 Huron Street, first door north of College Specialist—Diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear. Office hours—8 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

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Births.

GIBBS—At 24 Bernard avenue, Toronto, on February 4, Mrs. Fred. W. Gibbs—a son.

LEWTER—At Toronto, on February 7, Mrs. W. H. Lester—a son.

BRENNAN—At Toronto, on February 6, Mrs. James Brennan—a daughter.

CASTLE—At Toronto, on February 4, Mrs. George Castle—a daughter.

GALLAGHER—At Toronto, on February 6, Mrs. R S. Gallagher—a son.

HUYCKE—At Cobourg, on February 6, Mrs. Edward C. S. Huycke—a son.

CASSELS—At Toronto, on February 7, Mrs. R. S. Cassels—a daughter.

LYND—At Parkdale, on February 4, Mrs. Adam M. Lynd—a daughter.

BOULTER—At Toronto, on February 7, Mrs. J. H. Boulter—a daughter.

DUNSFORD—At Toronto, on February 7, Mrs W. H. Dunsford—a son—stillborn.

COULON—At Bowmanville, Ont., February 6, Mrs. Emile Coulon—a daughter.

DAVIDSON—At Toronto, on January 28, Mrs. John W. Davidson—a son.

Marriages.

HAMILTON—WOODRUFF—At St. George's Church, St. Catharines, on Thursday, February 5, by Rev. R. Ker, George A. Hamilton, fourth son of William Hamilton, superintendent Toronto Water Works, to Helen Woodruff, youngest daughter of the late R. Woodruff, Esq., of St. Catharines.

BARNES—McNEIL—At Providence, R. I., on January 31, Theodore S Barnes to Maude C. McNeil of Toronto.

PLUMMER—SIMPSON—At Sault Ste. Marie, Harry Plummer to Geraldine Mary Simpson.

THOMPSON—STAFFORD—At Toronto, on February 6, Arthur R. Thompson to Myra Stafford.

KITZMASTER—DOUGALL—At Windsor, Ont., on February 4, William Anthony Kitzmaster to Florence Dougall.

FERRIER—GIBBS—At Ottawa, Arthur Grant Ferrier of Montreal to Leah Caroline Gibbs.

BEATTIE—MACKIN—At Toronto, on February 7, Herbert A. Beattie to Jennie Mackin.

Deaths.

FRANKS—At Thorold, on February 2, Arthur Edwin Franks, aged 24 years.

FREEMAN—At Toronto, on February 10, Sarah M. Freeman.

LAMBE—At York Mills, on February 8, Mrs. Alfred B. Lambe, aged 57 years.

McGEE—At Toronto, on February 9, Mrs Rebeo a McGee, aged 66 years.

MIDFORD—At Toronto, on February 9, F. M. Midford.

BENNESS—At Mimico, on February 6, Mrs. Agnes Hodgson Benness, aged 71 years.

BOYLE—At Toronto, on February 7, Edward Boyle, aged 79 years.

FORBES—At Hespeler, on February 6, James H. Forbes, aged 32 years.

LEAVCRAFT—At Ontario, Southern California, on February 7, Harold Geddes Leavcraft, aged 17 years.

KING—At Toronto, on February 7, Henry T. King, aged 42 years.

BROWNING—At Markham, Ont., on February 6, Clara E. Browning.

DICKSON—At Toronto, on February 2, Hugh C. Dickson, aged 17 years.

HARDING—At Manchester, Eng., on January 14, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Harding, aged 84 years.

DRAPER—At Listowel, on February 6, George Draper, aged 65 years.

WELLS—At Simcoe, on February 6, Mrs. Ruth Vashinder Wells, aged 50 years.

BOULTER—At Toronto, infant daughter of J. H. Boulter.

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